BATMAN
No. 24

BACK THE 5TH WAR LOAN!

A SUPERMAN PUBLICATION DC IND

BATMAN

IN THIS ISSUE:
BATMAN AND ROBIN
LEAD OFF WITH A
TRULY UNUSUAL
ADVENTURE-IN-TIME...
"IT HAPPENED
IN ROME!"

AUG.
SEPT.
TEN CENTS

Editorial Advisory Board

SUPERMAN DC COMIC MAGAZINES:

DR. LAURETTA BENDER
Associate Professor of Psychiatry
School of Medicine, New York University

JOSETTE FRANK
Consultant on Children's Reading,
Child Study Association of America

DR. C. BOWIE MILLICAN
Department of English Literature
New York University

Dr. W. W. D. SONES
Professor of Education and
Director of Curriculum Study,
University of Pittsburgh

Dr. ROBERT THORNDIKE
Department of Educational Psychology,
Teachers College, Columbia University

Com. GENE TUNNEY, U.S.N.R.
Executive Board, Boy Scout Foundation
and Member, Board of Directors,
Catholic Youth Organization

A SUPERMAN DC PUBLICATION

The following magazines all bear this trademark as your guarantee of the best in comic reading:

8 MONTHLY MAGAZINES:

ACTION COMICS
ADVENTURE COMICS*
ALL-AMERICAN COMICS*
DETECTIVE COMICS
FLASH COMICS
MORE FUN COMICS*
SENSATION COMICS
STAR SPANGLED COMICS

6 BI-MONTHLY MAGAZINES:
(Issued every other month)

ALL-FLASH*
ALL-STAR COMICS*
BATMAN
MUTT & JEFF*
SUPERMAN
WONDER WOMAN*

8 QUARTERLY MAGAZINES:
(Issued every third month)

ALL-FUNNY COMICS
BOY COMMANDOS
COMIC CAVALCADE
FUNNY STUFF
GREEN LANTERN
LEADING COMICS
WORLD'S FINEST COMICS
PICTURE STORIES FROM THE BIBLE*

*Because the War Production Board has ordered a reduction in the use of paper, MORE FUN and ADVENTURE will be published bi-monthly; ALL-FLASH, ALL-STAR COMICS, WONDER WOMAN and MUTT & JEFF will become quarterlies; ALL-AMERICAN and FLASH COMICS will be published only eight times a year, and PICTURE STORIES FROM THE BIBLE only twice a year until further notice.

FOR SPINE-TINGLING ACTION...

OR RIB-TICKLING HUMOR...

LOOK FOR THIS SUPERMAN D-C SYMBOL !

A SUPERMAN DC PUBLICATION

Yes, that Superman D-C Symbol appears on the cover of twenty-one of the very best comics published ...ranging all the way from the action-packed adventures of Superman, Batman and other thrilling heroes to the laugh-loaded humor of Mutt and Jeff, The Three Musketeers, Dover and Clover and other ha-ha heroes. Whichever you prefer, you'll find your favorites in the comic magazines with the Superman D-C Symbol on the cover. Look for it!

BATMAN No. 24, Aug.-Sept., 1944, published bi-monthly by Detective Comics, Inc., 480 Lexington Avenue, New York 17, N. Y. F. W. Ellsworth, Editor. Re-entered as second class matter Aug. 1, 1941 at the Post Office at New York, N. Y. under the Act of March 3, 1879. Yearly subscription in the U. S. 75c including postage. For advertising rates address Richard A. Feldon & Co., 420 Lexington Ave., New York 17, N. Y.

Entire contents copyrighted 1944 by Detective Comics, Inc. Except those who have authorized use of their names, the stories, characters and incidents mentioned in this periodical are entirely imaginary and fictitious, and no identification with actual persons, living or dead, is intended or should be inferred.

Printed in U.S.A.

BATMAN WITH ROBIN

- THE BOY WONDER -

BOB KANE

IF SOME MAGIC WAND COULD WAFT THE **BATMAN** AND **ROBIN** BACK ACROSS THE BRIDGE OF YEARS TO A DISTANT PAST, WHAT THRILLING ADVENTURES WOULD CONFRONT THE STREAMLINED CRIME-SMASHERS OF THE 20th CENTURY? WELL, HERE'S THE ANSWER! A PULSE-POUNDING STORY OF ANCIENT ROME—THAT SPLENDID, SEETHING CITY WHERE GLADIATORS FOUGHT ON CRIMSON SANDS AND CHARIOTS CHURNED AT BREAK-NECK SPEED! INTO THIS GLAMOROUS, HISTORICAL ATMOSPHERE PLUNGES THE POWER-HOUSE PAIR IN THE TROUBLE-SHOOTING ADVENTURE—

"IT HAPPENED IN ROME"

REX

ALONG A STRANGE, NARROW STREET, ONE DAY, STROLLS BRUCE WAYNE, SOCIETY PLAYBOY...

SO THIS IS ANCIENT ROME!

WHAT IS THIS? BRUCE WAYNE IN ANCIENT ROME! YES—READ ON!

A SUDDEN COMMOTION NEARBY ATTRACTS BRUCE'S ATTENTION...

NO--- DON'T HIT ME! I'LL PAY!

OH, OH! LOOKS AS IF I CAN'T GET AWAY FROM TROUBLE EVEN IN THIS CENTURY! WELL, THERE'S ONLY ONE THING TO DO!

A SWIFT TRANSFORMATION... AND THE BATMAN, CRIME-CRUSHER FROM 1942, CHARGES INTO THE THICK OF AN ANCIENT ROMAN FIGHT...

BY JUPITER, IT'S SOME IMPUDENT FOREIGNER IN STRANGE COSTUME!

YOU SOUND JUST LIKE SOME BUMS FROM MY HOME TOWN!

WE'LL TEACH HIM TO INTERFERE!

AND YOU ACT JUST AS CARELESS! TSK, TSK!

SEE! YOU BOYS DON'T CLICK! YOU CLANG!

CLANG

WHAT HAVE THEY GOT AGAINST YOU?

"GOT AGAINST ME?" ODD WORDS, FRIEND! THEY HAD THEIR WEAPONS AGAINST ME! FOR NOT PAYING THEM 100 SESTERCES FOR PROTECTION!

ABRUPTLY, A BAND OF GUARDSMEN BEARS DOWN UPON THE TWO...

SEIZE THAT MASKED CREATURE WHO DARES TO LIFT A HAND TO ONE OF PUBLIUS MALCHIO'S MEN!

AGAINST THAT SINISTER CIRCLE OF STEEL, EVEN THE BATMAN IS HELPLESS TO ACT!

TAKE HIM AWAY TO THE DUNGEON IN MY CASTLE!

IT SHALL BE DONE, NOBLE MALCHIO!

TRAPPED BY A ROMAN RACKETEER! A NICE PICKLE FOR ME TO BE IN!

INDEED IT IS! ARE YOU STILL WONDERING WHAT THE BATMAN IS DOING IN ANCIENT ROME? SEE THE NEXT PAGE AND FIND OUT!

NOW BACK TO 1942--TO THE HOME OF THE FAMED SCIENTIST, PROFESSOR CARTER NICHOLS, WHERE A HYPNOTIZED BRUCE WAYNE SPRAWLS LIMPLY IN A CHAIR!

DO YOU MEAN TO SAY, PROFESSOR, THAT HE'S NOW IN ANCIENT ROME, WHERE YOU PROJECTED HIM?

THAT'S RIGHT! IF MY HYPNOTIC EXPERIMENT WORKED, BRUCE IS NOW SEEING THE SIGHTS OF A BYGONE ERA!

I'VE GOT A FUNNY HUNCH SOMETHING'S WRONG--- BRUCE IS IN A JAM!

FOR SO STRONG IS THE BOND BETWEEN BRUCE WAYNE AND HIS YOUNG WARD, DICK GRAYSON, THAT A TELEPATHIC WARNING BELL RINGS A SHRILL ALARM ACROSS THE CENTURIES!

PROFESSOR, HOW ABOUT HYPNOTIZING ME AND SENDING ME TO THE SAME PLACE?

WHY, CERTAINLY! I CAN'T GUARRANTEE MY EXPERIMENT WILL WORK, YOU KNOW! BUT WE'LL TRY!

PRESENTLY...

...BACK...BACK... TO ANCIENT ROME... BACK!

DICK'S SENSES SWIM, HIS MIND WHIRLS AS THOUGH IN A HUGE VACUUM, AND...

GOSH, IT WORKED! HERE I AM!

LOOK, OFFICER! A STRANGE YOUTH, PROBABLY FROM SOME FARAWAY PROVINCE!

WHERE DO YOU HAIL FROM, LAD? ARE YOU A SLAVE?

HUH? WELL, IT'S KIND OF HARD TO EXPLAIN, BUT I'M FROM AMERICA!

A-MER-I-KA! THERE'S NO SUCH PLACE! YOU MUST BE A RUNAWAY SLAVE!

I WAS AFRAID YOU WOULDN'T BELIEVE ME!

SO HERE'S A TRICK I LEARNED AROUND MY BLOCK!

TWO OF A KIND! I'D BETTER GET OUT OF HERE QUICK, THOUGH---AND OUT OF THIS OUTFIT!

A MOMENT LATER...

WHEN IN ROME DO AS THE ROMANS DO! I BET THAT COP THINKS THIS IS A TOGA! I'M GLAD I DON'T HAVE TO WORRY ABOUT MY MASK---NOBODY AROUND HERE WILL RECOGNIZE ME, ANYHOW!

HE LOOKS SOMETHING LIKE THAT RUNAWAY SLAVE---BUT THOSE CLOTHES--- NO, HE MUST BE A NOBLY-BORN YOUTH!

WHEW! PASSED INSPECTION! NOW TO FIND BRUCE!

MEANWHILE, IN A GLOOMY DUNGEON...

YOU OPENED YOUR MOUTH ONCE TOO OFTEN!

HELLO,... COMPANY!

WHAT'S THIS? THE JOKER, AS I LIVE!

NAY, I AM CALLED THE JESTER! YOU ARE THE PRISONER WHO INTERFERED WITH MALCHIO'S COLLECTIONS, AREN'T YOU?

YES... I AM KNOWN AS THE **BATMAN!** HMMM ... YOU SEEM A NICER FELLOW THAN THE CHAP YOU LOOK LIKE!

I AM JUST A HARLEQUIN, BRAVE **BATMANUS!** I AMUSE THE NOBLE MALCHIO BUT ALAS, I AM IN DISGRACE!

MALCHIO IS--- ER--- ADJUSTING THE BIG CHARIOT RACE AT THE CIRCUS TOMORROW, AND I MADE AN UNWISE JEST ABOUT IT!

SO THEY WERE FIXING RACES AS FAR BACK AS THIS, EH?

POOR OLD GITTO! HE'S ROME'S FAVORITE CHARIOTEER, AND THIS IS TO BE HIS LAST RACE! NOW---

PARDON ME! MY WIRELESS--- HOLY SMOKES! ROBIN!

MODERN SCIENCE CONNECTS THE DYNAMIC DUO IN AN ANCIENT SETTING!

HELLO... BATMAN!

RIGHT!...LISTEN... I'M A PRISONER AT MALCHIO'S CASTLE! ...NEED HELP!...

DON'T LOOK SO SURPRISED, JESTER! THAT WAS JUST A LITTLE BIRD WHO'S GOING TO RESCUE US! ROBIN!

WHAT? I SEE NO WINGED CREATURE!

BUT A SHORT WHILE AFTERWARD...

GREAT JUPITER! SESTERCES FROM HEAVEN!

UNLESS I'M MISTAKEN, HE'LL BE SEEING STARS SOON, TOO!

A BOLT --- OF LIGHTING STRIKES FROM THE REAR...

OLD GAGS ARE NEW AROUND HERE!

ROBIN, MEET THE JESTER! HE LOOKS LIKE THE JOKER, BUT HE'S ON OUR SIDE!

I HOPE HE HAS A BETTER SENSE OF HUMOR THAN THAT MADMAN!

ALAS, MY MIRTH IS GONE! MY FRIEND, GITO, IS IN TROUBLE! MALCHIO AND HIS MEN HAVE GONE TO PUNISH HIM BECAUSE HE REFUSES TO THROW THE RACE!

NOW THAT WE'RE FREE, WE'LL HELP YOU, JESTER! LEAD US TO HIM!

HO, HO! THAT'LL TEACH HIM!

THE ROMAN CLOWN GUIDES THEM THRU THE WINDING, ANCIENT STREET. PRESENTLY...

THIS IS THE PLACE! GITO DWELLS AT THIS INN!

SOUNDS AS IF SOMETHING'S HAPPENING, ALL RIGHT!

MARCUS' ROADSIDE REST

SO YOU WANT TO WIN THE RACE, GITO! HERE'S YOUR CHANCE!

FASTER, FASTER! MY CHARIOT IS HARDLY MOVING!

HO HO

THE COWARDLY SWINE!

THE DYNAMIC DUO EXPLODES INTO ACTION WITH THUNDERING FISTS..

LET'S SEE HOW FAST YOU CAN TRAVEL!

LAUGH THIS OFF, FUNNY-FACE!

BRAVO, BATMANUS!

TASTE MY STEEL, WRETCH!

SORRY, BUT I ALWAYS PUT SALT ON MY FOOD!

OW-W-W-W-W

COME ON, DOWN TO MY LEVEL, YOU BIG STIFF!

UGH

THANKS! NOW YOU CAN GO BACK!

LOOK OUT, ROBIN! THERE'S A BIG BAD ROMAN IN BACK OF YOU!

BUT THE BATMAN'S KEEN EYES SPOT THE DANGER, AND...

WHY, THE DIRTY SNAKE!

I'M PULLING HIS FANGS AWAY, ROBIN!

YOU FOOLS! MUST I SUBDUE THESE CREATURES MYSELF?

HA, HA! YOU'RE A BETTER JESTER THAN I AM, OH, NOBLE MALCHIO!

HERE LIES THE END OF IDLE BOAST! ALAS, OF TRUTH, 'TWAS BUT A GHOST!

MEANWHILE, A TASTE OF TWENTIETH CENTURY PUNISHMENT PROVES TOO MUCH FOR THE TERRIFIED ANCIENT ROMANS...

THESE ARE NOT MEN, BUT DEMONS! FLEE FOR YOUR LIVES!

I'M GLAD YOU KNOW WHEN YOU'RE WHIPPED!

HERE, YOU NEED THESE SHIELDS MORE THAN WE DO!

AND DON'T FORGET YOUR NOBLE BOSS!

GENTLY, THEN, THE POWERHOUSE PAIR MINISTERS AID TO THE FALLEN GITO...

MY LAST RACE... I MUST BE IN IT... SO MANY PEOPLE HAVE WAGERED THEIR MEAGER EARNINGS ON ME!

BUT YOU CAN'T RACE TOMORROW, GITO! YOU'RE IN NO CONDITION! MALCHIO HAS SEEN TO THAT!

NO, NO! THE PEOPLE WILL THINK THAT I, GITO, TOOK A BRIBE, TO STAY AWAY! AND IT'S MY LAST RACE, TOO!

BUT YOU WILL WIN YOUR LAST RACE, GITO! I, BATMANUS, PROMISE YOU THAT!

BUT HOW---

WITH THIS MAKE-UP KIT FROM MY UTILITY BELT! WATCH!

I SEE NOTHING BUT COMMON CLAY! HOW CAN THAT HELP?

BUT SKILLED FINGERS SWIFTLY MOULD CLAY ON THE CRIME-FIGHTER'S HANDSOME FEATURES INTO---

SHADES OF HERCULES! YOU LOOK MORE LIKE GITO THAN GITO HIMSELF! 'TIS MAGIC!

NO, ONLY A LITTLE TRICK I PICKED UP A FEW THOUSAND YEARS FROM NOW! IT'S GOING TO UPSET MALCHIO'S APPLE-CHARIOT!

THE NEXT DAY, AN EXCITED ROMAN POPULACE THRONGS THE HUGE CIRCUS MAXIMUS...

STEP RIGHT UP, FRIENDS! MY MASTER, MALCHIO, GIVES YOU YOUR LAST CHANCE TO BET ON YOUR FAVORITE CHARIOTEER!

MALCHIO WILL LOSE HIS TOGA!

GITO WILL WIN!

INSIDE THE VAST RACE COURSE...

GITO IS RACING, AFTER ALL! WE CAN'T LET HIM WIN!

HE WON'T--- WE'LL HAVE SOME SURPRISES FOR HIM! LISTEN...

AMID THE FANFARE OF TRUMPETS, THE CHARIOTS PARADE BEFORE THE CHEERING SPECTATORS!

GITO HAIL GITO!

TENSE MOMENTS LATER, A ROAR FROM THE CROWD...

THIS IS SUPPOSED TO BE GITO'S LAST CHARIOT RACE---BUT IT'S THE BATMAN'S FIRST! AND I'VE GOT TO WIN!

BUT AS THE FLYING STEEDS WHIRL AROUND THE FIRST TURN, PERIL THREATENS THE DISGUISED BATMAN!

SOME OF MALCHIO'S DIRTY WORK! THOSE REINS WERE CLEVERLY SLIT!

SNAP

OH H-K! GITO IS FALLING!

THAT'LL FIX HIM!

HIS HORSES ARE OUT OF CONTROL! HE'LL BE KILLED!

TRAINED MUSCLES STRAIN FOR BALANCE, AND STEEL-STRONG FINGERS CLUTCH FOR SUPPORT..

WHEW! THAT WAS A CLOSE SHAVE!

A LITHE LEAP FORWARD...

NOW TO GET THE HORSES UNDER CONTROL!

...AND THE BATMAN IS IN THE RACE AGAIN!

HERE'S A CIRCUS TRICK THEY NEVER SAW IN OLD ROME!

MALCHIO THOUGHT OF EVERYTHING! I'LL WAIT UNTIL HE COMES PAST ME— THIS'LL STOP HIM!

JH-UH! LITTLE WILLIAM TELL IS UP TO NO GOOD! I'VE GOT TO DO SOMETHING FAST!

THE BOY WONDER ACTS WITH THE SPEED OF LIGHT...

MY SLING SHOT IS A HANDY WEAPON IN ANY CENTURY!

E-E-E-H! MY EYE!

AND THIS'LL TAKE CARE OF YOUR OTHER EYE!

OH--- MY BEAUTIFUL ROMAN NOSE!

YOU'VE STILL GOT A ROMAN NOSE-- BUT NOW ITS "ROAMIN" ALL OVER YOU!

MEANWHILE, THE BATMAN ROARS DOWN THE TRACK IN SPECTACULAR FASHION...

BRAVO GITO BRAVO

SWING LOW SWEET CHARIOT... ONLY ONE MORE TO PASS!

G.TO WINS!

WHAT A RACE! GOOD OLD GITO! HE DIDN'T LET US DOWN!

A FINAL SPURT DOWN THE STRETCH AND BATMAN SWEEPS TO VICTORY!

LATER... AT A SECRET MEETING PLACE BEHIND THE HUGE STADIUM...

HOW CAN I EVER THANK YOU, BATMANUS! YOU WON MY RACE!

NO TIME FOR THAT NOW, GITO! THEY WANT YOU AT THE JUDGE'S BOX!

OLD GITO WINS THE CONQUERING HERO'S ACCLAIM...

A NOBLE RACE, GITO! YOUR NAME WILL LONG BE REMEMBERED AS THE GREATEST OF CHARIOTEERS!

I OWE EVERYTHING TO MY GOOD FRIEND, BATMANUS!

THAT BATMANUS! HE'S RESPONSIBLE FOR THIS!

HE'S LYING!

ARREST THAT MAN! HES A CRIMINAL-- HE ATTACKED ME!

CRAFTY MALCHIO'S FALSE CHARGE BRINGS THE LAW DOWN ON BATMAN...

AS HIGH JUDGE, I PROCLAIM THAT BATMANUS MAY HAVE HIS FREEDOM---IF HE CAN PROVE HIS INNOCENCE IN TRIAL BY COMBAT! LET HIM FIGHT ON THE MORROW WITH MIGHTY CALVUS!

CALVUS--- ROME'S MIGHTIEST GLADIATOR! WHAT CHANCE WOULD EVEN THE BATMAN HAVE AGAINST HIM!

BUT THE DAUNTLESS CRIME-FIGHTER ACCEPTS THE CHALLENGE!

AGREED! BUT MALCHIO MUST GO INTO EXILE--FOR IWN!

A JUST BARGAIN! SO BE IT!

THE NEXT DAY... NEWS OF THE SENSATIONAL CONTEST PACKS THE COLOSSEUM.

RICKETUS, RICKETUS, RAXLS, BATMANUS'LL GIVE HIM THE AX-US! AND MALCHIO'LL START MAKING TRACKS-US!

HOORAY

I HOPE THE CHEER I TAUGHT THEM COMES TRUE! BUT IN CASE ANYTHING GOES WRONG, I'D BETTER HOLD ONTO THIS PACKAGE!

SWORDS CROSS... AND THE DEADLY MATCH BEGINS...

HAH! I'LL SPLIT YOU FROM HEAD TO TOE!

DON'T WORRY--- I'LL FIND YOUR ACHILLES, HEEL!

CALVUS LUNGES FORWARD IN A MURDEROUS THRUST--- WHICH THE BATMAN NIMBLY PARRIES...

YOU'VE HAD YOUR CHANCE! NOW IT'S MY TURN!

A LIGHTNING FLIP OF A COILED-SPRING WRIST AND THE BATMAN--- MASTER DUELIST--DISARMS HIS GIANT OPPONENT...

SOMEDAY, MY FRIEND, A SWORDSMAN OF THE FUTURE IS GOING TO INVENT THIS SLICK STROKE! YOU JUST SAW A PREVIEW!

AND IN THE 20TH CENTURY THIS WILL BE KNOWN AS AN AIRPLANE SPIN!

A MIGHTY HEAVE AND CALLS FLIES THROUGH THE AIR WITH THE GREATEST OF EASE...

HUH---WHERE AM I?

OUT---AS BATMANUS WOULD SAY...TANTUS GIVE THE SIGNAL FOR THE LION! QUICK---OR I'M LOST!

AN ANGRY ROAR ROCKS THE THRONGED ARENA, AND THE BATMAN WHEELS TO FACE A MAN-EATING LION!

ROAR-R-R-R

ANOTHER OF MALCHO'S PLAYMATES!

SUDDENLY...A COWARDLY BLOW FROM ABOVE...

GOT HIM!

THAT MURDERING RAT MALCHO! I ONLY HOPE THESE GADGETS WORK! LUCKY I MADE THEM LAST NIGHT!

BUT A SMALL CLOAKED FIGURE FLASHES DOWN LIKE A METEOR FROM THE SKY...

GOOD OLD ROBIN!

FEVERISHLY, ROBIN CLAWS OPEN HIS PACKAGE, STRIKES A MATCH FROM HIS UTILITY BELT, AND...

A LITTLE SALTPETER, CHARCOAL AND SULPHUR--- AND I'VE GOT SOME HOME-MADE ROMAN CANDLES! THIS IS THE RIGHT CITY TOO!

GRR-R

NOTHING LIKE A HOT FOOT TO GET RID OF A HUNGRY LION!

I'LL TAKE CARE OF YOU, MYSELF, CURSED BATMANUS!

BUT THE ROMAN CLOWN INTERCEPTS MALCHIO'S DESPERATE PLAN...

YOU'RE ALWAYS BOASTING, MALCHIO! BUT BOASTS ARE USELESS WHERE YOU'LL GO!

THANKS JESTER! NEVER THOUGHT I'D HAVE MY LIFE SAVED BY SOMEBODY WHO LOOKS LIKE THE JOKER!

LET ME OUT OF HERE!

I'VE MADE ROME TOO HOT FOR YOU, MALCHIO! YOU CAN COOL OFF IN EXILE!

OWW!

LATER AT A VICTORY CELEBRATION...

ONE THING I WOULD LIKE TO ASK OF YOU, BRAVE BATMANUS! CAN YOU TELL US WHO YOU REALLY ARE?

WELL, I DON'T MIND TELLING YOU, JESTER! MY NAME IS BRUCE WAYNE, AND ROBIN HERE IS DICK GRAYSON, MY WARD!

WHAT? BATMAN REVEALING HIS PRECIOUS SECRET?!!

DON'T WORRY ROBIN! HISTORY SHOWS THAT OUR IDENTITIES WERE NEVER BETRAYED! THERE'S NO RECORD OF IT! THIS IS ONE TIME WHERE THE TRUTH CAN'T HURT!

THE R "ROMAN HOLIDAY" OVER, THE DYNAMIC DUO ZOOMS BACK THROUGH THE FUNNEL OF TIME TO 1942!

HELLO PROFESSOR!

AH! IT'S ABOUT TIME YOU CAME OUT OF YOUR TRANCE! I WAS GETTING WORRIED!

I GUESS, OUR EXPERIMENT FAILED! YOU COULDN'T HAVE BEEN IN ROME--- YOU WERE BOTH MUTTERING ABOUT THAT MODERN TEAM, BATMAN AND ROBIN!

OH.... THAT'S BECAUSE THEY'RE OUR FAVORITE CHARACTERS! RIGHT, BRUCE?

ER... YES!

THE END

HECTIC HISTORY

FOR THE VERY FIRST TIME HECTIC HISTORY IS PLEASED TO PRESENT HEREWITH THE ONLY AUTHENTIC PORTRAIT OF FATHER TIME'S FATHERS FATHER'S FATHER'S FATHER EVER PRINTED — —.

HI, TOOTS, - WHAT'S FRYIN'?

DESPITE ALL UNCLAIMED REPORTS TO THE CONTRARY NOTWITHSTANDING, THE LEANING TOWER OF PISA HAS NEVER BEEN SUPPORTED BY A GROUP OF IT'S DISTANT RELATIVES — .

YEP! - A ROUND-SHOULDERED BRICK-LAYER'S TO BLAME FOR IT ALL!

AND IF ANYONE EVER TELLS YOU THAT 'UNCLE TOM'S CABIN' WAS A CHATTANOOGA NIGHT CLUB, DON'T YOU BELIEVE IT, — THAT'S JUST A LOT OF HECTIC HISTORY!

CAN'T PROVE IT BY ME, SON, - I'M ONLY OL' UNCLE TOM HIS'SELF!

PAUL REVERE DID NOT RIDE WHIRLAWAY OR EVEN COUNT FLEET ON HIS HISTORY MAKING RIDE, —— THE NAG'S NAME WAS 'NOGGINS'!

MAKE FASTER, NOGGINS, OR I'LL BE AFTER FORGETTIN' YOU IN MY WILL!

THE EIFFEL TOWER WAS NOT BUILT WITH MONEY DONATED BY THE SCHOOL CHILDREN OF SOUTH CHICAGO, ILL, IN THE SPRING OF 1925, - (OR ANY OTHER SPRING IN SOUTH CHICAGO FOR THAT MATTER)

MAKE MY NEXT ANNUDER VER-NELLER!

ARCHIMEDES THE ANCIENT PHILOSOPHER WAS DEFINITELY NOT THE ORIGINAL INVENTOR OF THE POPULAR PRESENT DAY 'FALLEN ARCH — .

AT LONG LAST HECTIC HISTORY HAS POSITIVE PROOF THAT SIR ISAAC NEWTON DID NOT DISCOVER ELECTRICITY BUT THAT BEN FRANKLIN WAS ALSO NOT THE DISCOVERER OF GRAVITATION —

CHUM, YOU'RE PRACTICALLY WALKING IN THE SUBWAY RIGHT NOW!

MUSTA BEEN A COUPLA OTHER FELLERS!

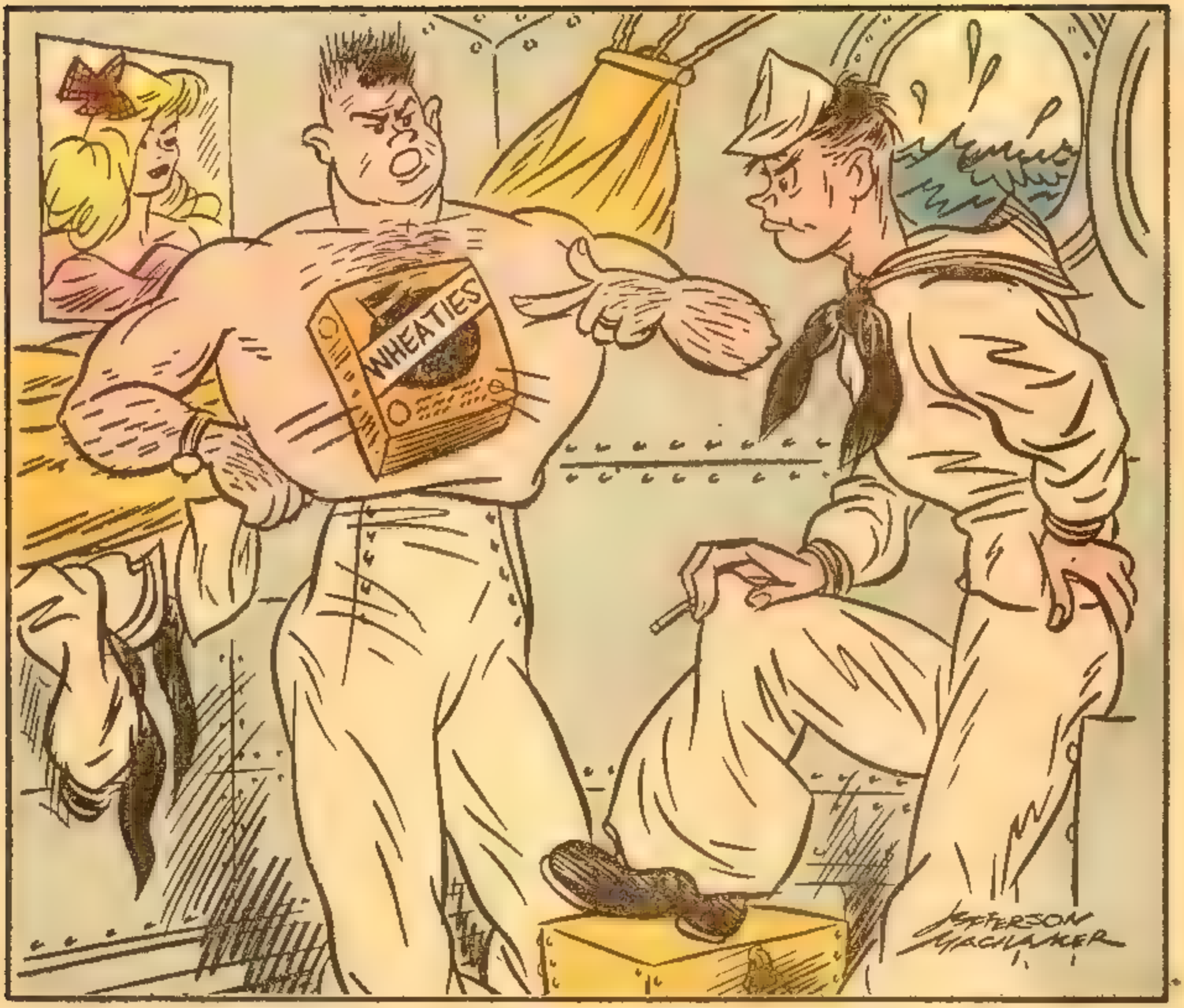
MUSTA!

AFTER 30 YEARS OF INTENSE STUDY MARINE ENGINEERS HAVE CONCLUDED THAT IF THE 'WHITE CLIFFS OF DOVER' WERE REMOVED FOR THE DEPTH OF ONE MILE INLAND, THE ENGLISH CHANNEL WOULD BE EXACTLY ONE MILE WIDER AT THAT POINT — — .

NOW THAT'S SUMP'N! — IT GIVES A GUY A CHANCE TO TURN AROUND!

WEST

EAST



"Why not? They helped give me the energy to develop this chest!"

OUR SAILOR FRIEND CERTAINLY APPRECIATES THAT FAMOUS "BREAKFAST OF CHAMPIONS." SO WILL YOU, ONCE YOU LEARN HOW REALLY GOOD WHEATIES ARE....GOOD FOR YOU....AND **DELICIOUSLY GOOD**, TOO.

BIG FLAKES OF RICH WHOLE WHEAT. ROASTED AND TOASTED AND FLAVORED JUST RIGHT WITH SWEET MALT SYRUP...THAT'S WHEATIES. AND WHEATIES, WITH MILK AND FRUIT, MAKE **THE SAME CHAMPION DISH** RECOMMENDED BY SO MANY LEADING COACHES AND BIG-TIME ATHLETES. A DISH THAT'S CHUCK-FULL OF CONCENTRATED FOOD ENERGY AND ZIPPY "SECOND HELPING" FLAVOR.

YES, YOU'LL REALLY GO FOR WHEATIES TOP NOURISHMENT AND TIP-TOP FLAVOR. SO GET SET FOR REAL **FUN AT BREAKFAST.** SAIL INTO A HEAPING BOWLFUL OF MILK, FRUIT, AND WHEATIES, "BREAKFAST OF CHAMPIONS."

"Breakfast of Champions"

WITH MILK AND FRUIT

"Wheaties" and "Breakfast of Champions" are registered trade marks of General Mills, Inc.

BATMAN WITH ROBIN THE BOY WONDER

BOB KANE

WANTED MEN! CRIMINALS WHO DISAPPEAR! WHAT BECOMES OF ALL THOSE WELL-TO-DO GENTLEMEN WHO RUN AFOUL OF THE LAW AND THEN SEEM TO VANISH FROM THE FACE OF THE EARTH? IT TAKES THE **BATMAN** AND **ROBIN**, AIDED BY ALFRED, TO FERRET OUT THE FACTS IN A DARING DEMONSTRATION OF INCOMPARABLE COURAGE AGAINST CRUSHING ODDS AS, WITH MIGHT AND MAIN, THEY WREST THE AMAZING TRUTH FROM THE VERY ARMS OF THE GRIM REAPER AND UNCOVER THE LUCRATIVE RACKET OF...

"CONVICT CARGO!"

FRUSTRATED AMBITION BURNS IN THE SOUL OF ALFRED THE WAYNE BUTLER, FOR HE DREAMS OF BEING A GREAT DETECTIVE, FOLLOWING IN THE FOOTSTEPS OF HIS FAMED MASTERS, **BATMAN** AND **ROBIN...**

ON HIS DAY OFF, ALFRED IS FOND OF STROLLING ALONG THE BROAD THOROUGHFARES OF GOTHAM'S SHOPPING DISTRICT...

THAT WOMAN! SHE DOESN'T KNOW SHE DROPPED ONE OF HER PARCELS! TO THE RESCUE, ALFRED-- AND DON'T SPARE THE HORSES!

WELL-- THAT MAN BEAT ME TO IT! ALAS-- HOW CAN MY INGRAINED CHIVALRY KEEP PACE WITH THE SPEED OF THIS MODERN AGE!

WHY-- HE ISN'T RETURNING THAT PARCEL AT ALL! AND HE SAW HER DROP IT PLAIN AS DAY! HE'S A THIEF, THAT'S WHAT!

I SAY, THERE--

YOU! COME BACK WITH THAT PARCEL! STOP, THIEF! I DECLARE-- HE'S MAKING A BOLT FOR IT!

AHA-- I HAVE YOU NOW, YOU SCOUNDREL!

OF ALL DA TOUGH LUCK!

THERE HE GOES, THE BLACKGUARD! BUT AT LEAST I'VE RETRIEVED THE PARCEL! NOW, TO FIND THAT LADY... AH, HERE SHE COMES NOW...

ALLOW ME, MADAM, TO RETURN THIS PACKAGE WHICH YOU JUST DROPPED! BEING SOMETHING OF A DETECTIVE, I SUCCEEDED IN RETRIEVING IT FROM A THIEF WHO WOULD OTHERWISE HAVE MADE OFF WITH IT!

DETECTIVE? PACKAGE? BUT THAT'S NOT MINE!

BUT, MADAM-- I SAW YOU DROP IT!

LISTEN, MISTER-- IT AIN'T MINE, SEE? NOW LEAVE ME ALONE AN' GO PEDDLE YER PACKAGES!

WELL, I DO DECLARE! THIS IS MOST EMBARRASSING! I SAW HER DROP IT, AND YET--

SOMETIME LATER, A BEMUSED ALFRED RETURNS TO THE HOME OF BRUCE WAYNE...

PARDON ME, MR. WAYNE, BUT I'D LIKE TO ASK A QUESTION. DO I, BY SOME ODD CHANCE, SEEM LIKE THE TYPE OF PERSON WHO COULD FRIGHTEN A WOMAN BY MERE APPEARANCE?

HARDLY, ALFRED. BUT WHY DO YOU ASK?

THIS PACKAGE, SIR? IT REPRESENTS MY LATEST VENTURE INTO THE PROFESSION OF BEING A DETECTIVE! I'M OBVIOUSLY NOT THE TYPE!

HMM-- I WOULDN'T SAY YOU WERE SO FAR WRONG THERE, BUT WHAT HAPPENED?

BRIEFLY, ALFRED EXPLAINS...

IT CERTAINLY SOUNDS QUEER, IN YOUR ROLE OF DETECTIVE, DIDN'T IT OCCUR TO YOU TO OPEN THE PACKAGE?

ER-- I-- I DIDN'T THINK OF IT, SIR!

HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES

YOUR UNCLE SAM HAS OFTEN CALLED ON YOU. WIN THE WAR! THE ONLY VICTORY BANKER FOR PATRIOTS IS WAR BONDS. SCHEDULED BOND DRIVES FOR FINANCING PRODUCTION ARE DESTROYING AXIS REST!

C. Thurdwurdt

WHY-- IT'S JUST A WAR BOND MESSAGE ATTACHED TO AN AMERICAN HISTORY BOOK! INNOCENT ENOUGH-- BUT--

—WHY SHOULD THAT WOMAN HAVE BEEN SO ANXIOUS TO DENY OWNING THE PARCEL? THERE'S SOMETHING QUEER ABOUT THIS MESSAGE. EVEN THE WORDING IS QUEER.

THE WORDING! THAT'S IT! MAYBE IT'S A CODE!

A CODE? BUT I DON'T SEE— WAIT A MINUTE! IT'S SIGNED C. THURDWURDT! AN UNUSUAL NAME. SOUNDS RATHER LIKE— WHY, OF COURSE! C. THURDWURDT COULD MEAN "SEE THIRD WORD!"

BUT THE THIRD WORD IS SAM! THAT DOESN'T MEAN ANYTHING!

IF IT REALLY IS A CODE, THEN MAYBE IT MEANS EVERY THIRD WORD. THAT SORT OF CODE IS QUITE COMMON. LET'S SEE: "SAM CALLED WIN THE BANKER IS SCHEDULED FOR ARE REST." IT DOESN'T MAKE SENSE!

"SAM CALLED WIN?" WHY THAT SOUNDS LIKE THE BANKER, SAM CALDWIN! IT DOES MAKE SENSE!

YOUR UNCLE SAM HAS OFTEN CALLED ON YOU. WIN THE WAR: THE ONLY VICTORY BANKER FOR PATRIOTS IS WAR BONDS. SCHEDULED BOND DRIVES FOR FINANCING PRODUCTION ARE DESTROYING AXIS REST!

C. Thurdwurdt

YOU'RE RIGHT! THE MESSAGE READS: "SAM CALDWIN THE BANKER IS SCHEDULED FOR ARREST." IT FITS TOO EASILY TO BE AN ACCIDENT. BUT SAM CALDWIN IS A HIGHLY RESPECTED MAN. WHY SHOULD HE BE "SCHEDULED FOR ARREST?"

PERHAPS WE OUGHT TO SEE HIM AND FIND OUT!

GRACIOUS GOODNESS! HAD I OPENED THE PARCEL MYSELF, I WOULD NEVER HAVE SUSPECTED ITS INNOCENT APPEARING CONTENTS!

WE MAY STILL BE WRONG, ALFRED! BUT THERE'S NOTHING LIKE MAKING SURE!

FURTHER DELIBERATION ENDS INTO THE ROAR OF A RACING MOTOR, AS FLEET SECONDS LATER, THE **BATMOBILE** SPEEDS THE **BATMAN** AND **ROBIN** TOWARD BANKER CALDWIN'S HOME...

WELL LOOK PRETTY FOOLISH IF THIS MESSAGE TURNS OUT TO BE JUST A FIGMENT OF OUR IMAGINATIONS!

AND YET— WE'LL BE BIGGER FOOLS IF WE DON'T CHECK UP!

BATMAN AND **ROBIN**? ER— TO WHAT DO I OWE THE HONOR OF THIS VISIT?

IT MAY BE SOMETHING VERY IMPORTANT, MR. CALDWIN. WE'RE NOT SURE. BUT WE'D LIKE TO ASK A FEW QUESTIONS.

FIRST OF ALL, I PRESUME THE POSITION OF YOUR BANK WOULD BE PERFECTLY SOUND IF THERE WERE AN AUDIT OF THE BOOKS TOMORROW?

NOW, WAIT, BATMAN! SURELY YOU AREN'T GOING TO BELIEVE THOSE RUMORS THAT THERE'S BEEN A SHORTAGE!

UH-UH! LOOKS LIKE WE'VE STRUCK OIL!

RUMORS, DID YOU SAY? HMMM... DO YOU THINK THERE'S ANY POSSIBILITY OF YOUR BEING ARRESTED, MR. CALDWIN?

LOOK HERE, SIR! I'M NOT OBLIGED TO ANSWER YOUR QUESTION! HAD I KNOWN WHAT YOU WERE ABOUT, I'D NOT HAVE ADMITTED YOU! THERE'S NO EVIDENCE AGAINST ME -- YET!

SUDDENLY, SAM CALDWIN'S SUSPICIOUS BEHAVIOR CRYSTALLIZES INTO CONCRETE ACTION!

AND I'M NOT STAYING IN THIS COUNTRY UNTIL THERE IS EVIDENCE! GET THEM, BOYS!

BATMAN! WATCH OUT! IT'S A TRAP!

I'M BOOKING YOU FOR ASSAULT!

DA BRATS GOT A SOCK LIKE A SWINGIN' BOOM! GRAB HIM, MATES!

A REAL LITTLE WISE GUY, HUH? WELL, DIS DICTIONARY IS GONNA HAVE DA LAST WORD!

THREE AGAINST ONE! C'MON, YOU RATS!

LET'S GO! BY THE TIME THEY COME TO, WE'LL BE ON OUR WAY OUT TO SEA!

TIME T.CKS ON, ADDING D.STANCE BETWEEN THE ESCAP.NG CROOKS AND THE DAZED DUO. WHEN CONSC OJSNESS BELATEDLY RETURNS...

BATMAN--COME OJT OF IT! WE'VE GOT A B.G JOB ON OJR HANDS!

HUH! WHAT? OH--NOW I REMEMBER! QJ CK--A TELEPHONE! I'VE GOT TO GET COMM SS ONER GORDON!

SECONDS LATER...

YES, **BATMAN**.. ***WHAT?*** SAM CALDWIN? THAT'S TOO MUCH! IT'S HAPPENED BEFORE! WHENEVER WE GET SET TO SPRING A TRAP ON SOMEONE, HE DISAPPEARS BEFORE WE CAN NAB HIM!

WELL, **ROBIN**-- SOME GIRL IN THE **DA'S** OFF.CE MUST HAVE TIPPED OFF A GANG ABOUT CALDW N'S IMPENDING ARREST FOR JUGGL.NG FUNDS! THE GANG TOLD CALDW.N AND EXACTED A PR CE FOR GETT.NG HIM OUT OF THE COUNTRY! A SWEET RACKET!

S THAT THE COMMISS ONER'S THEORY? THEN THAT PARCEL WAS MEANT TO BE PICKED UP BY THAT CROOK ALFRED CHASED!

AND IT LOOKED SO INNOCENT JJST IN CASE IT GOT INTO THE WRONG HANDS. A CLEVER WAY, TOO, OF KEEP.NG THE GAL FROM RUNNING THE RISK OF BEING SEEN ASSOCIAT.NG WITH MUGGS.

IT MUST HAVE WORKED THAT WAY. OTHERWISE, WHO TOLD CALDW N AND OTHERS BEFORE HIM, THE **DA** WAS PLANNING TO CRACK DOWN?

IF ALFRED HADN'T MENTIONED BEING A DETECTIVE, THAT GAL WOLLDN'T HAVE BEEN SCARED. SHE'D HAVE ACCEPTED THE PACKAGE BACK. THE QUESTION IS.. HOW CAN WE GET A LEAD TO THE GANG? THERE ARE F.FTY GIRLS IN THE **DA'S** OFFICE!

AND ALFRED DIDN'T EVEN GET A GOOD LOOK AT THE G.RL'S FACE!

WELL, THERE'S ONLY ONE TH.NG TO DO— BAIT A TRAP! AND THE BAIT'S GO NG TO BE **BRUCE WAYNE**, WHO, FORTUNATELY, HAS A LUNCHEON APPO NTMENT W TH GORDON!

LATER:

HO-HUM--I'M SO BORED THESE DAYS. IF ONLY I COULD GET A JITTLE EXCITEMENT.

MAYBE I CAN HELP YOU, BRUCE. YOJ'D BE JUST THE MAN I NEED. PROVIDED YOU RE WILL.NG TO BE TEMPORARILY LISTED ON THE **DA'S** BOOKS AS AN EMBEZZLER!

UNAWARE THAT BRUCE WAYNE AND **BATMAN** ARE THE SAME PERSON, GORDON EXPLAINS ABOUT THE GETAWAY GANG...

BATMAN THINKS THAT IF I CAN GET SOMEONE WEALTHY, LIKE YOURSELF, TO BE UNDER THE **DA'S** INVESTIGATION, THE GANG WILL LEARN ABOUT IT THROUGH THEIR AGENT AND CONTACT YOU!

IT SOUNDS RISKY, BUT I GUESS I CAN TAKE A CHANCE IF IT'S **BATMAN'S** IDEA! COUNT ME IN!

THUS, THE STAGE IS SET, AND THE FOLLOWING EVENING AT BRUCE WAYNE'S HOME...

A MOST UNSAVORY CHARACTER AT THE DOOR TO SEE YOU, SIR. REFUSES TO LEAVE HIS NAME. MAY I INQUIRE WHETHER YOU ARE AT HOME?

BY ALL MEANS! SEND HIM IN AND SEE THAT WE'RE NOT DISTURBED!

AWRIGHT-- SO YA JUGGLED DA BOOKS, SO WHAT? IN OUR ORGANIZATION WE GOT A SAYING: "WHY WORRY ABOUT DA **DA** WHEN TEN GRAND PAYS FER A OCEAN VOYAGE?" WHADDYA SAY, WAYNE?

ER-- I DON'T KNOW! I'LL HAVE TO THINK IT OVER!

IN OUR ORGANIZATION WE GOT ANUDDER SAYING: "A GUY WHAT T'INKS TOO MUCH IS A SAP." SO LONG, WAYNE. HOPE YA LIKE DA GRUB IN DA COOLER!

WAIT-- DON'T GO! I--I'LL DO IT. WHAT ARE THE ARRANGEMENTS?

LATER...

SO THEY'LL CALL FOR ME IN AN HOUR. TAKE ME TO A WAREHOUSE, PACK ME INTO A CRATE AND SHIP ME ABOARD AS CARGO. STICK TO THE RADIO AND KEEP THE **BATPLANE** TUNED UP.

GOOD LUCK, BRUCE. I'LL BE WAITING.

AS THE GREAT CLOCK ON GOTHAM'S DARKENED WATERFRONT TOLLS THE HOUR OF MIDNIGHT, A SMALL COASTAL STEAMER SLIPS SILENTLY OUT OF GOTHAM HARBOR, ITS DESTINATION-- SOUTH AMERICA...

WHILE BELOW THE SILENT DECKS OF THE VANISHING VESSEL...

OKAY, SAP-- YOU KIN COME OUT NOW!

SAP? WHY SAP? IF I HADN'T DONE THIS I'D HAVE GONE TO JAIL!

HA! HA! LISTEN TO HIM! PRETTY SOON YOU'RE GONNA BE WISHIN' YOU WAS NICE AN' SAFE IN JAIL!

WE SAID WE WAS GONNA TAKE YA TO A PLACE WHERE DERE WUZ NO COPS, DIDN'T WE? WELL-- WE KEPT OUR WORD. DERES NO COPS ON DA BOTTOM OF DA SEA!

BUT-- BUT YOU CAN'T DO TH S TO ME!

WE GOT THE TEN GRAND. DO WE LOOK LIKE SAPS ENOUGH TO RISK SMUGGLING YA THROUGH CUSTOMS WHEN WE HIT PORT?

LIKE A BO D, HE SA..S TRU DA AIR!

I'LL DROWN! HELP!

ONLY ONE TROUBLE WID DIS RACKET! WE NEVER GET NO REPEAT BUSINESS! WELL-- YA CAN'T HAVE EVERYTING!

BUT WHAT A SURPRISE FOR THE CUT-THROAT CREW COULD THEY SEE THEIR VICTIM A MOMENT AFTER HITTING THE ICY WATERS...

GOOD THING I'M FAMILIAR WITH HONOR AMONG THIEVES. OTHERWISE I WOULDN'T HAVE BEEN SO WELL PREPARED. NOW TO INFLATE THESE WATER WINGS AND LOCATE MY POSIT ON.

HMM-- THIRTY-EIGHT DEGREES, TWENTY MINUTES NORTH LATITUDE, BY SEVENTY-SIX DEGREES N NE MINUTES WEST LONGITUDE... I'LL RADIO **ROBIN**, AND THE **BATPLANE** WILL PICK ME UP IN A HALF-HOUR...

A MESSAGE CRACKLING THROUGH THE ETHER... THE ROAR OF A MIGHTY MOTOR... WE RD WINGS OUTLINED AGA.NST THE SKY--AND THE **BATPLANE** SWOOPS SEAWARD LIKE SOME GIGANTIC BIRD!

PRESENTLY...

HOW'S THAT FOR SPEED, **BATMAN**? I NOTIFIED THE COAST GUARD BUT COULDN'T GIVE THEM THE SHIP'S EXACT POSITION.

B-R-R-R! WITHOUT A BOAT, THE OCEAN CAN BE PRETTY WET!

THE THING TO DO IS TO CONT.NUE CIRCLING THE SHIP AND KEEP THE COAST GUARD INFORMED OF ITS POSITION.

AW-- YOU MEAN NO EXCITEMENT? AND HERE I WAS ITCHING FOR ACTION!

BUT **ROBIN** IS NOT GOING TO BE DISAPPOINTED LONG, FOR ON THE VESSEL'S DECK...

THAT SURE IS A QUEER-LOOKIN PLANE, LIKE A BAT! SAY— IT'S THE **BATPLANE**! BUT WHAT'S IT DOING WAY OUT HERE?

CAPTAIN! OUR RADIO JUST PICKED UP A MESSAGE FROM THE **BATPLANE**. THEY'RE SENDING OUR POSITION TO THE COAST GUARD!

SO IT'S US THEY'RE AFTER, IS IT? THERE MUSTA BEEN A LEAK SOMEWHERE! MAN THE GUNS! WE'LL BLAST THEM SNOOPIN' BILGE RATS OUTA THE SKY!

THE CAPTAIN'S ORDER IS OBEYED!

WHILE IN THE **BATPLANE**...

THEY'RE FIRING AT US, **ROBIN**! THEY MUST HAVE PICKED UP OUR MESSAGE. HAVE TO GAIN ALTITUDE FAST!

THE RADIO! IT'S GONE DEAD! IT'S BEEN HIT!

NOW WHAT, **BATMAN**? HOW ARE WE GOING TO KEEP THE COAST GUARD NOTIFIED?

YOU WANTED ACTION, **ROBIN**-- SO GET SET! I'M GOING TO TRY A PERPENDICULAR LANDING ON THE SHIP'S DECK! WE'VE GOT TO GET TO THE RADIO ROOM!

SKILLED HANDS AND IRON NERVES MIRACULOUSLY MANEUVER THE **BATPLANE** THROUGH A HAIL OF DEATH UNTIL IT HOVERS DIRECTLY OVER THE VESSEL'S STERN!

I NEVER SEE ANYTHING LIKE IT! THEY'RE LANDING. CEASE FIRING! THEY'RE TOO LOW!

NOW WE GOT 'EM WHERE WE WANT 'EM!

LOOK AT THEM! TEN TO ONE! AND ARMED TO THE TEETH!

WHAT'S WORSE, THEY'RE BETWEEN US AND THE RADIO! WE WOULDN'T STAND A CHANCE MAKING A RUSH FOR IT! BUT WAIT-- THAT PIPE!

THEY'RE CLOSING IN! LET'S MAKE A FIGHT FOR IT, ANYHOW!...

THERE'S ENOUGH SAND IN THE BOTTOM OF THIS BARREL TO KEEP IT UPRIGHT BUT STILL NOT SINK IT! NOW IF I CAN WEDGE THIS PIPE IN TIGHTLY...

THERE--! NOW OVER THE SIDE! IF THIS DOESN'T WORK, THE JIG'S UP!

I DON'T GET IT!

BUT SUDDENLY...

HEY! PERISCOPE ASTERN! THE GUNS! QUICK-- BEFORE WE GET A TORPEDO RAMMED THROUGH OUR BOILERS!

WHAT! BUT THERE'S PRACTICALLY NO AMMUNITION LEFT!

WE AIN'T GOT A CHANCE! WE'LL BE BLOWN TO BITS! THE BOATS! LOWER THE BOATS!

THINKING THE SHIP DOOMED, THE RATS PREPARE TO DESERT, WHILE --

A PHONEY PERISCOPE! BATMAN--THAT WAS A STROKE OF GENIUS!

SAVE THE FLATTERY FOR LATER! WE'VE GOT TO GET TO THE RADIO ROOM BEFORE THEY GET WISE!

HURRY, ROBIN-- THEY'VE CAUGHT ON! WE'LL HAVE TO HOLD THEM OFF FROM IN HERE!

I'M SENDING AS FAST AS I CAN!

CRACK

THE FIRST THING I SAY TO VISITORS IS, HAVE A CHAIR!

FURIOUSLY, THE EMBATTLED PAIR FIGHT OVERWHELMING ODDS! WILL THE COAST GUARD ARRIVE IN TIME?

HAVE YOU BOYS MET EACH OTHER?

REMEMBER--THE NEXT ONE IS MINE!

THAT'S FUNNY! THEY SEEM TO HAVE STOPPED COMING. THEY MUST BE COOKING UP SOME STRATEGY!

WAIT-- I HEAR FOOT-STEPS! GET SET!

WHOOPS! I ALMOST MADE A MISTAKE!

THE COAST GUARD!

WE'VE GOT THE WHOLE CUT-THROAT GANG, THANKS TO YOU, **BATMAN** AND **ROBIN**! YOU CAN TAKE A REST NOW!

AND JUST IN TIME, TOO!

LATER-- IN COMMISSIONER GORDON'S OFFICE...

WE FOLLOWED WAYNE WHEN HE LEFT WITH THE GANG, BUT LOST HIM. LUCKILY, WE SPOTTED HIM IN THE WATER FROM THE **BATPLANE** AND GOT HIM HOME. THEN WE WENT AFTER THE SHIP...

GUESS I SHOULD RING HIM UP AND THANK HIM!

ER-- AH-- HE NEEDS REST, YOU KNOW!

COMMISSIONER GORDON SPEAKING! MR. WAYNE, PLEASE... HELLO, BRUCE. THAT YOU? FEEL ALL RIGHT AFTER YOUR SWIM? WELL-- JUST WANTED TO THANK YOU FOR EVERYTHING! AND SAY-- HOW ABOUT LUNCH TOMORROW?

HUH? AM I HEARING THINGS?

WHAT'S GOING ON HERE?

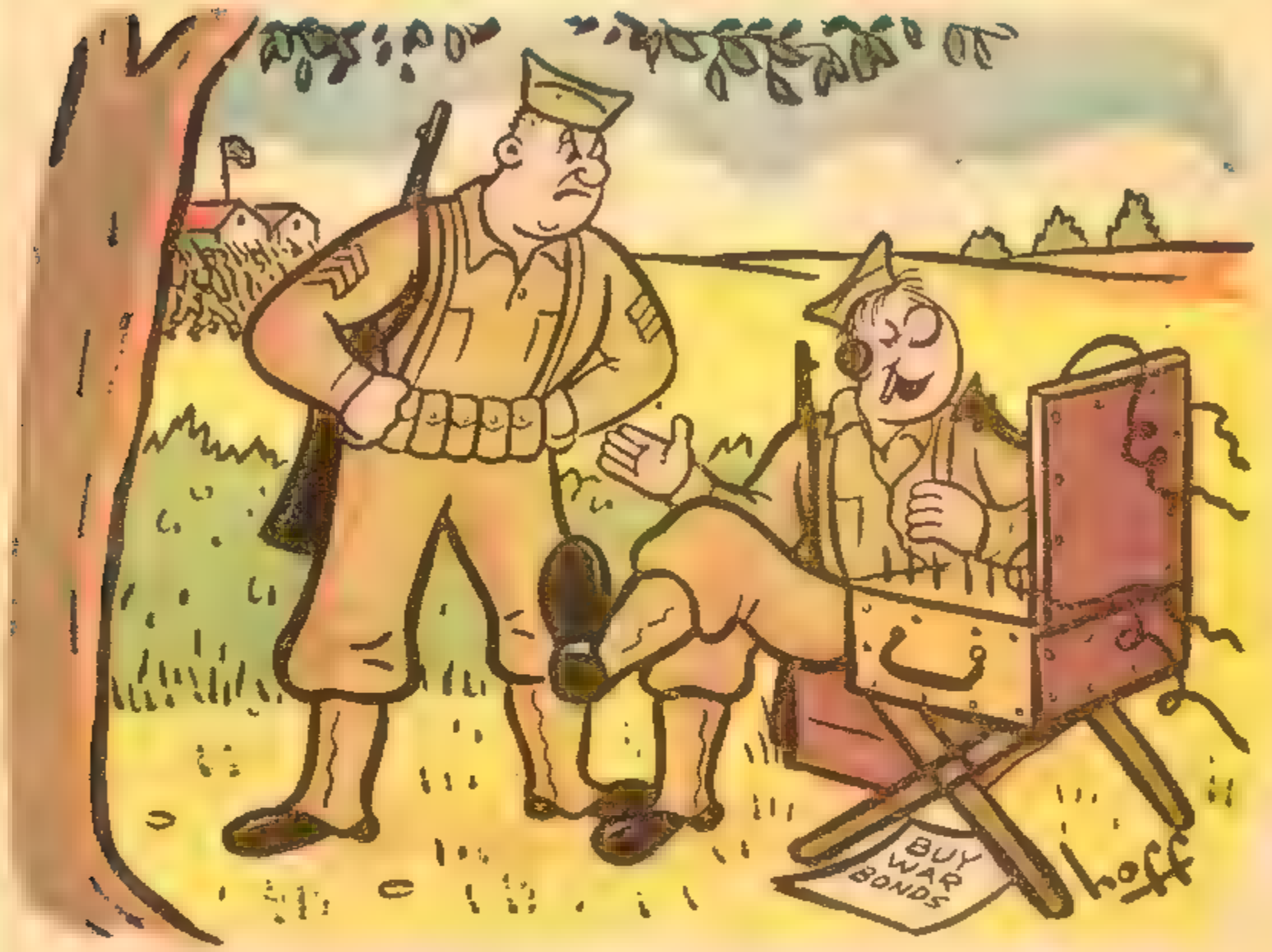
LATER, AT THE HOME OF BRUCE WAYNE...

--AND KNOWING THAT YOU WERE BOTH AT THAT MOMENT AT THE COMMISSIONER'S, I THOUGHT TO BOLSTER YOUR 'STORY BY EMPLOYING MY HISTRONIC ABILITY IN AN IMITATION OF YOUR VOICE, SIR--, BEING CAREFUL TO COVER THE MOUTHPIECE WITH A HANDKERCHIEF, THUS!

REMIND ME, ALFRED, TO RAISE YOUR SALARY AGAIN!

THE END

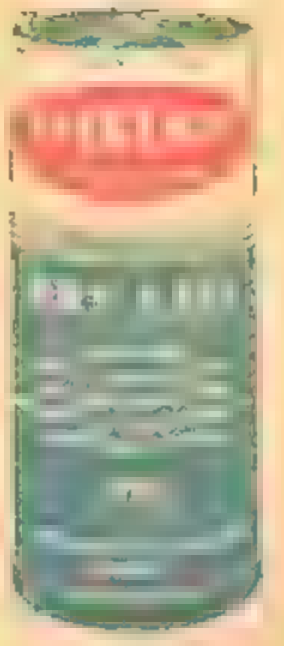
LIGHTER MOMENTS with
fresh Eveready Batteries



"Don't worry, darling! There's nobody around!"

THE DEPENDABLE POWER of "Eveready" No. 6 Dry Cells is being put to excellent use right now in the armed forces' field telephone units. This means that the relatively small civilian supply must be stretched as far as possible—use yours carefully!

The proper handling of America's food supply can help shorten the war and write the peace. Don't be responsible for wasting an ounce of food.



EVEREADY

The words "Eveready" and "Ignitor" are registered trade-marks of National Carbon Company, Inc.

G-MAN

NOW ROVER – I'VE BEEN TEACHING YOU TO BE A **G-DOG**; NOW I'M PUTTING YOU ON YA OWN'

I WANT YOU TO LOOK AROUND AND IF YA SEE ANYBODY BREAKING ANY LAWS YOU REPORT BACK TO ME.

I WONDER WHAT HAPPENED TO THAT MUTT? I'M AFRAID I'LL NEVER MAKE A **G-DOG** OUT OF HIM!

MR. POOL, HAVE YOU SEEN ANYTH NG OF MY DOG, ROVER' I'VE LOST HIM! ? ? ?

I DON'T KNOW BILLY --- BUT **A G-MAN OUGHT TO BE ABLE TO FIND HIS DOG'**

SAY, BILLY, YOU BETTER HURRY! YOUR DOG ROVER IS IN TROUBLE!

WHATTA YA MEAN, IN TROUBLE?

THERE HE GOES BILLY'

HEY – YOU CAN'T ARREST MY DOG.' YOU DON'T REALIZE WHO HE IS!

I DON'T CARE WHO HE IS – HE'S GOT NO LICENSE!

WOOF

WOOF

WOOF

WOOF

CITY POUND

WESTERN INCIDENT

by Tex Palmer

THIS was the first Western trip for Jenkins. He was a novelties salesman, only in those days, salesmen were called drummers. If there had been anyone else in the company to send, Jenkins would not have gotten this assignment. He was a very nervous man, so nervous that he still couldn't believe the Indians no longer presented a threat to the new America, the West.

Jenkins hated this weather. It was hot and arid and now, in his hotel room, he felt as though he would never rid his throat, his clothes, or his boots of the alkali which caked all three. And the last thing he ever wanted to see again was flat plains. And cactus.

Sighing, Jenkins picked up his demonstration bag. His years of selling had made him resigned to his fate, but he had never figured anything like this would happen to him. He locked the door carefully behind him, after averting his eyes quickly so that the memory of the old four-poster bed, the cracked pitcher and wash-basin in the ancient hotel room wouldn't haunt him, and went downstairs.

In the hot, dusty street, the sun was dancing a rigadoon. Jenkins blinked to keep the burning shafts out of his eyes. His bag, in a cooler climate ordinarily light, now felt like a couple of anvils. Perspiration began pouring down his face before he had gone twenty feet. His stiff collar wilted beneath his thin neck like some slowly-dying thing, and Jenkins' flaming eyes were twin lights set in a sea of gelatinous flesh.

Usually, Jenkins was the typical drummer. Today, he was anything but. He groaned, visualizing the rest of the towns he'd have to make in this seven week selling tour, and from his baked lips poured invective aimed at the head of Towne, the regular representative for this territory, who had gone back East to have his appendix removed.

And it being Saturday afternoon didn't help. The hitching posts were crowded with horses, buckboards, and two-seaters. The rude board sidewalk was crowded with men, women, and children: boisterous cowhands, all set for an evening of enjoyment; tanned, thin cattlemen, in for the weekly supplies and bank deposits, wives and sweethearts, looking cool and assured in their calico gowns and bonnets, chatted gaily and looked in store windows.

Jenkins' lips curled in distaste. He had always been against the Government's policy of expanding this wilderness they called the West. Being a staunch Republican, he had even written his Congressman about it. "Giving away all this land," he had written, "will only bring in riff-raff. We've got plenty of territory now. We don't need more. The time is not yet ripe for expansion. I protest."

And he was a professional protestor, as can be seen.

The crowd was so thick, Jenkins had to fight his way along the board sidewalk. Cowboys in sharp, high-heeled boots stepped on his toes, other men jostled him until he was forced to navigate precariously on the outer edge of the planked thoroughfare. In this way, he failed to see the young boy nonchalantly whittling while seated in front of Ed Larkin's General Store

Jenkins fell over him.

Dust settled around him like a thundercloud. He looked up. The boy, his face angry, was standing over him. The lad's fists were clenched. "Why don't you look where you're going, you . . . you dude!"

Too dazed to reply, Jenkins remained silent for a moment. People began gathering around him, laughing and cat-calling.

Jenkins got painfully to his feet, his blood boiling. His eyes rested angrily on the lad's face, then shifted. There was something in the boy's face that stopped Jenkins from saying what he wanted to. He had wanted to say, "Why you dirty little guttersnipe," and then box the kid's ears.

He didn't. Instead, he said: "I'm sorry, son. I hope I didn't hurt you."

The boy looked him over coolly. It was an impudent stare, almost mocking. "You didn't," he said. "Okay, mister."

Without another word, he resumed his whittling and Jenkins, the laughter of the crowd still ringing in his burning ears, fled into the coolness of the General Store.

Larkin was busy with the Saturday afternoon rush. Jenkins seated himself on an unopened crate of oranges and fanned himself vigorously with his hat. The coolness of the store brought back his good nature somewhat and he began to feel pleased with himself. He was glad he hadn't gotten into an argument with that fresh kid outside. There was no telling what those roistering cowboys might have done. After all, this was the wild and wooly West.

But, Jenkins had to admit to himself, it didn't look so wild here in this General Store. And the way the rancher's wives were bargaining didn't make them look so wooly, either. They were a shrewd and healthy lot.

A clerk came over. "The Boss is going to be busy another hour, stranger. Most of these customers are his personal friends, and he likes to tend to them hisself. Now maybe you'd like me to look over your stuff. Big Ed says it's okay. I do a lot of the buying for him. Name's Brown."

"Sure." Jenkins smiled, opened his sample case. It was filled with novelties, such as imitation French powderpuffs, some of the new-fangled hairnets, silk stockings, bright-colored necklaces, a popular-priced line of razors. "There they are," he said. "Everything for young and old, something for everyone, from Grandpappy to the kiddies." His sales talk burbled on as the delighted clerk studied each new item.

The clerk looked up, puzzled. "I don't see anything for the kiddies," he said. "What do you mean?"

"Oh, excuse me." Jenkins lifted the lower layer of his sample case. "Here."

The clerk gasped. "Guns?" His bright blue eyes stared in wonderment at the sleek-looking array of revolvers.

Jenkins fairly beamed with delight. Well, here was something these cowboys didn't know! There was a water bucket standing nearby and, while the amazed clerk watched, Jenkins, revelling in this moment, immersed one of the guns into the pail.

Then he whirled. The clerk cowered as the gun muzzle swung toward him. "Hey, be careful with that thing," he gasped. "Want to blow my head off?"

Jenkins face was suffused with laughter. The clerk's cries had commanded the attention of everyone in the store and that, Jenkins decided, called for super-salesmanship.

A stream of water issued forth as Jenkins pulled the trigger.

The clerk leaped back, sank weakly against some bolts of calico. "What . . . what is it?" he asked.

Jenkins looked around the store. The busy Ed Larkin, tall and grave-faced, had stopped his measuring of sugar and now, ladle in hand, he came over.

"It's the newest toy in the East," Jenkins said. "A water pistol. The kids there love 'em." He was the professional salesman and demonstrator now, holding his audience in the palm of his hand. "And for the protection of women against stray, perhaps wild dogs," he lectured, "this handy little weapon can be filled with ammonia. It's also a protection against tramps. With it, a woman can walk unfraid through the streets. She . . ."

He stopped, dismayed. Now that the first novelty of the gun had worn off, the customers were deliberately turning their backs on him. Jenkins blinked. He couldn't understand this. What was the matter with these people, didn't they have children? Weren't the women afraid to walk the streets unaccompanied?

For a moment, he looked pitiful, and Ed Larkin, being a kindly man, stopped his work long enough to explain. "You see, Mister," he said. "That's a toy. And folks around here just don't think of guns as toys. They're as necessary as food—and there's no fooling around about a gun." The corners of his lips turned up in a faint grin. "And you'll probably find our women can more than take care of themselves."

But by now, Jenkins had recovered his composure. He remembered that the General Manager had been especially emphatic about this novelty. Probably because he had overbought himself for the East. "I expect you to get rid of a lot of them in the West," Jenkins had been told. "And I know you won't fail me."

Perhaps that's why Jenkins, at this moment, courted disaster. He turned, seeing for the first time, the young lad who had been whittling outside the store. The boy had come in for a drink of water as Jenkins had begun the demonstration. He had watched it gravely.

Now, Jenkins turned to him. Why, there wasn't a kid in the East didn't want a pistol like this. He beamed at the boy. "Son," he boomed. "What would you say if I gave you this handy little water pistol?" His eyes searched the boy's face, waiting for a joyous light to appear. He was disappointed. And stunned.

"Mister," the boy said. "When I get me a gun, I don't aim for it to be a toy. Besides," his upper lip curled, "you can keep it."

The clerk, standing beside Jenkins and Larkin, laughed. A quick, bright flash of anger struck at Jenkins. "Why, you impudent little guttersnipe," he said. "If I were your father, and you showed manners like this, I'd . . ."

"You'd what, Mister?" The boy stood fast, and his eyes, now twin slits, bored into Jenkins' face.

Jenkins felt a sudden chill go through him. He had never seen eyes like these. They looked almost like a . . . a . . . why, like a killer's eyes were supposed to look, the way they were written about in Western stories.

Larkin broke the spell. His long arm reached out, grasped the boy at the scruff of the neck and sent the thin body reeling out the door. It landed in a cloud of dust.

The storekeeper's voice was apologetic. He liked this town and its people, and wanted it and they to make a good impression on strangers, even drummers. "You mustn't think all our boys are like him, Mr. Jenkins," he said. "We got some mighty fine boys in this town." He turned to the clerk. "Remind me, Brownie," he said, "to talk to Sheriff Garrett about that young Bonney kid. He's gettin' too big for his britches." He snorted. "Billy the Kid, he calls himself now." Righteously, he added: "Somebody ought to give him a fanning."

The Adventures of ALFRED

By BOB KANE

THE UNDERWORLD TREMBLES... CROOKS SCURRY FOR COVER... FOR HERE COMES ALFRED AGAIN — YOUR FAVORITE BUTLER-DETECTIVE ON HIS OWN IN...

"POLICE LINE-UP!"

AT POLICE HEADQUARTERS, A PITILESS WHITE SPOTLIGHT PICKS OUT THE SINISTER FEATURES OF CRIME'S CHOICEST SPECIMENS!

TOOTS ROLLSTON, ACCUSED OF LARCENY... TAKE A GOOD LOOK AT HIM, BOYS!

HE SHOULD BE EASY TO REMEMBER! HE'S THE VERY IMAGE OF THE HORSE THAT WON THE DERBY FOUR YEARS AGO!

WHAT IS ALFRED DOING HERE, WATCHING THE POLICE LINE-UP? HE'S PERFECTING HIMSELF, DEAR READER, IN THE ART OF DETECTION! GOOD DETECTIVES MUST BE ABLE TO RECOGNIZE ENEMIES OF THE UNDERWORLD.. AND THROUGH BRUCE WAYNE'S INFLUENCE WITH COMMISSIONER GORDON, ALFRED HAS BEEN GIVEN THIS OPPORTUNITY TO OBSERVE THEM!

POKERFAC GAMBL

RONNIE THE RAT PICKING POCK

MY WORD... I NEVER SUSPECTED SO MANY CRIMINALS ARE PICKED UP EACH DAY! AND I MUST REMEMBER **ALL** THEIR FACES, OR I'LL NEVER RIVAL **BATMAN** AS A DETECTIVE!

THAT NIGHT, SINISTER FEATURES PERFORM A WITCHES' DANCE, AS ALFRED TOSSES IN RESTLESS SLUMBER!

POKERFACE.. LOP-EAR.. THE RAT LARCENY BURGLARY GAMBLING..

AND THE CONFUSION CARRIES OVER INTO THE NEXT DAY...

LET ME SEE NOW... WAS IT, LOP-EAR OR POKER-FACE WHO HAD THE SCAR? OR COULD IT HAVE BEEN RONNIE THE RAT?

UNEXPECTEDLY...

MY WORD... THERE'S ONE OF THEM NOW! HE MUST HAVE BEEN RELEASED BY THE POLICE FOR LACK OF PROOF OF ANY CRIME!

BUT PERHAPS I MAY BE ABLE TO PICK UP SOME INCRIMINATING EVIDENCE AGAINST HIM! I'LL SHADOW HIM!

AND ALFRED CLINGS TO THE TRAIL LIKE A LEECH!

HE MAY BE STEPPING IN FOR A MERE MATTER OF MOMENTS! I'LL WAIT OUTSIDE!

ELECTRIC API

LIGHTING FIXTURE

BUT AS TIME PASSES...

ON SECOND THOUGHT, THIS MAY BE A HIDEOUT! I'LL SEE IF WHAT'S INSIDE CAN THROW A BIT OF LIGHT ON THE SUBJECT!

WALK IN

I DIDN'T EXPECT YA HERE, CHUM... BUT I'M SURE GLAD YA SHOWED UP! I GOT SOME LEAD SLUGS WAITIN' FOR YA!

BY JOVE... HE'S GOING TO SHOOT HIM!

I CAN'T PERMIT THAT, EVEN IF HE IS A CRIMINAL! BUT WHAT SHALL I DO?

THE ANSWER TO THAT QUESTION IS OUT OF ALFRED'S HANDS.. AND IN CHARGE OF HIS FEET! AS HE TAKES AN UNWARY STEP.

HEY, WHAT'S DIS?

WHATEVER IT IS, I'LL TAKE CARE OF IT!

RELAX, CHUMP... DEN YA WON'T MIND WHEN YA HIT DA FLOOR WID A BUMP!

I MUST ACT RAPIDLY!

ONE MIGHT SAY THIS IS USING ONE'S HEAD!

OOOFFFF...!

BUT THE BUTLER'S BUTT HAS ONE UNFORESEEN CONSEQUENCE... THE FLYING REVOLVER PUTS HIS LONE POSSIBLE ALLY TEMPORARILY OUT OF THE FIGHT!

BOP

ARGH...

3

AND NOW THE ODDS ARE FOUR TO ONE... WITH ALFRED ON THE SHORT END!

OKAY, CHUMP, DIS IS DA PAYOFF! SURROUND HIM, BOYS! DERE'S ANJODDER WAY TO HANDLE HIM, BUT DIS IS SIMPLER!

I MUST THINK MORE RAPIDLY THAN EVER! I HAVEN'T BEEN IN AS TIGHT A SQUEEZE SINCE I BOUGHT MY LAST PAIR OF SHOES A SIZE TOO SMALL!

SPEAKING OF SHOES, PERHAPS THEY CAN HELP ME OUT OF A SQUEEZE, AS WELL AS INTO ONE!

POW!

UNEXPECTEDLY, ALFRED'S ARM STRIKES A SWITCH...

HE OPENED DA TRAP DOOR, WE WERE KEEPIN' READY FER DA COPS!

HEY.. WHAT HAPPENED?

MY WORD... THIS MUST BE THAT OTHER WAY TO HANDLE ME THEY SPOKE OF! LUCKY FOR ME THEY TRUSTED TO THEIR SUPERIOR NUMBERS!

NICE WORK, PAL! I DON'T KNOW WHERE I'D HAVE BEEN WITHOUT YOU!

IT'S MOST FORTUNATE I REMEMBERED YOU FROM THE POLICE LINE-UP!

LET US OUT!

DERE'S WATER DOWN HERE!

YES, I NOTICED YOU THERE WHILE I INTRODUCED THE CROOKS! LITTLE DID I REALIZE YOU'D HELP ME LAND CINCINNATI RED FOR BEING A FENCE!

WHA..

HE'S THE DETECTIVE WHO READ OFF THE CROOKS' PEDIGREES! NO WONDER I REMEMBERED HIS FACE! BUT I MUSTN'T LET HIM KNOW THAT I MISTOOK HIM FOR ONE OF THEM!

LATER, AT THE BRUCE WAYNE HOME...

SO YOU SEE, I NOT ONLY RECALLED THE FACES OF THE CROOKS IN THE LINE-UP, BUT THE DETECTIVES', TOO!

HMM... YOUR MEMORY WAS NEVER SO REMARKABLE BEFORE, ALFRED! ARE YOU SURE WE HEARD EVERYTHING JUST AS IT HAPPENED?

EVERYTHING THAT MY MODESTY PERMITS ME TO TELL, SIR! AS FOR MY MEMORY... NATURALLY IT WOULD IMPROVE, SIR, THROUGH ASSOCIATING WITH YOU AND MASTER DICK!

Save Bags FROM Popsicle® CREAMSICLE® · Fudgicle®

LOOK, BOYS AND GIRLS! SWELL FREE GIFTS FOR YOU

It's easy! Every time you buy a "POPSICLE," "CREAMSICLE," or "FUDGICLE" at your ice cream store, *Save the bags!* Pretty soon you'll have enough bags from these delicious frozen confections on-a-stick to get the free gifts you want!

OTHER GIFTS FOR BAGS

For 350 Bags or 50¢ and 100 Bags

#115 COMPLETE BOWLING GAME
#133 CARTOON INSTRUCTION BOOK
#233 KHAKI TOILET KIT
#136 9-PC. MANICURE SET

For 200 Bags or 25¢ and 100 Bags

#126 INDOOR BASEBALL
#161 "CAMERA" PENCIL BOX
#163 PISTOL & HOLSTER
#171 SLIDE POCKET KNIFE
#146 FLASHLIGHT
#173 MEXICAN NOVELTY NECKLACE
#149 3-PC. PERFUME SET
#175 33-IN. EXTENSION PERISCOPE

For 100 Bags or 10¢ and 50 Bags

#135 FIRST AID KIT
#125 PIN-UP PICTURES & PUZZLES

For 50 Bags or 5¢ and 25 Bags

#144 GAME & PUZZLE PACKAGE
#263-282 FOREIGN POSTAGE PACKETS

AND MANY OTHERS

WAR SAVINGS STAMPS In such cases where we can not supply you with the premiums you select, we reserve the right to substitute one 10¢ U. S. War Savings Stamp for each 50 genuine bags submitted for prizes.

Rapid Fire MACHINE GUN

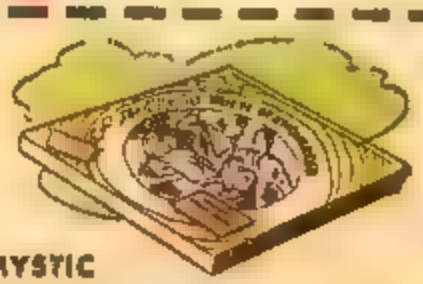
Big pack-ack gun . . . 24½ inches long! Sounds like a real battle! Has swivel-lead stand, so you can aim in any direction. Easily converted into Tommy Gun by removing stand. Solid wood, harmless. Thrilling fun! Premium #118 . . . 350 bags, or 50¢ and 150 bags.

Rocket Type CATAPLANE

Special air-pressure catapult tube sends your CATAPLANE looping, diving, gliding and spinning through the air! Simple adjustments make your CATAPLANE fly like a real plane. Thrilling fun, indoors and outdoors. Premium #152 . . . 100 bags, or 10¢ and 50 bags.

Junior G-Man SECRET CODE KIT

It sends and receives secret G-Man code messages! Contains two alphabet slide rules and full, simple instructions. Thrills galore! Every boy and girl will enjoy it! Premium #174 . . . 200 bags, or 25¢ and 100 bags.



MYSTIC WHEEL OF KNOWLEDGE

Set the "Mystic Pointer" in center of magic wheel and presto! . . . it spins by itself, without anyone touching it, to right answer on quiz card. 12 sets of quiz cards included. Premium #147 . . . 350 bags, or 50¢ and 150 bags.

Start Saving Bags Today!

SEND BAGS TO "POPSICLE" SERVICE DEPARTMENT

(Nearest Address)

NEW YORK, N. Y. . . . . 601 W. 26th Street
CHICAGO, ILL. . . . . 1000 N. Ogden Avenue
LOS ANGELES, CAL. . . . . 2744 E. 11th Street
ATLANTA, GA. . . . . 325 Elizabeth St., N. E

When you have the required number of bags for the Free Gift you desire, send them to the nearest "POPSICLE" Service Department. Ask your ice cream dealer for complete new gift list today!

The above offer is void and is not extended in any State or locality where redemption or issuance thereof is prohibited or where any tax, license or other restriction is imposed upon the redemption or issuance thereof.

*Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

This offer effective until Jan. 1, 1945

BATMAN WITH ROBIN - THE BOY WONDER -

BOB KANE

T-CSS STANCH DEFENDERS OF THE LAW, **TWEEDLEDUM** AND **TWEEDLEDEE**, APPREHEND **BATMAN** AND **ROBIN** IN FLAGRANT MISDEEDS--AND CLAP THEM INTO JAIL FORTHWITH!... NO, WE'RE NOT ALL MIXED UP--FOR IN THIS SCRAMBLED TALE TWO ROTUND ROGUES, ONCE VERSATILE IN VILLAINY, REPUDIATE THEIR EVIL WAYS!...BUT AMERICA'S ACE CRIME-SMASHERS KNOW FULL WELL THAT ALL IS NOT GOLD THAT GLITTERS -- AND STEEL BARS CANNOT KEEP THEIR BLASTING FISTS FROM USHERING IN THE FATEFUL DAY OF RECKONING FOR...

"The MAYORS of YONVILLE!"

ELECTION DAY IN THE REMOTE VILLAGE OF YONVILLE...

VOTE YET, SAM?

NOPE! BEEN TOO BUSY LISTENIN TO TH' SPEECH FYIN!

FOR MAYOR MEECHAM

VOTE FOR VERNE

ELECT THE TWO-IN-ONE MAN AND GET DOUBLE EFFICIENCY!!

AMONG THE CANDIDATES FOR MAYOR, ONE STANDS UNIQUE!

FELLOW CITIZENS YOU KNOW I'M TWICE AS EFFICIENT AS ANYBODY ELSE IN TOWN!

VOTE ONCE FOR ME AND GET TWICE THE VALUE

HE AIN'T MODEST— BUT HE'S RIGHT!

INCREDIBLE AS IT SEEMS, AT THIS VERY MOMENT, TWO BLOCKS AWAY...

WHY, EVEN NOW I AM PERFORMING THE AMAZING FEAT OF CONDUCTING TWO ELECTION MEETINGS AT ONCE!

IT'S TRUE! I JEST COME FROM T'OTHER ONE!

ELECT ME, AND MAKE EVERY OTHER TOWN IN AMERICA JEALOUS!

DON'T DOUBLE-CROSS YOURSELF! PUT AN X ON YOUR BALLOT FOR ME!

SOME CLAIMS HE DOES IT WITH MIRRORS!

THE FAME OF THE "TWO-IN-ONE" CANDIDATE HAS SPREAD BRINGING BRUCE WAYNE AND DICK GRAYSON TO THE SCENE...

IF OUR SUSPICIONS ARE RIGHT, BRUCE -- WHAT THEN?

IT ALL DEPENDS!

PRESENTLY...

YIPPEE!

HOORAY!

THE OTHER CANDIDATES GOT A VOTE APIECE-- THEIR OWN!

NOW WE'LL SEE WHAT WE CAME TO SEE, DICK!

THE CONQUERING HERO!

THREE CHEERS FOR HIS HONOR THE MAYOR!

THANK YOU, FRIENDS AND NEIGHBORS!

IT'S HE!

YOU MEAN-- IT'S THEY!

NOR ARE BRUCE AND DICK THE ONLY STRANGERS IN TOWN..

HES WON LOUIE! LETS ROB DA BANK TA CELEBRATE!

OKAY SPIKE! WITH M BOSS N' TINGS, WE GOT NO WORRIES!

MOMENTS LATER...

A SHOT-- FROM THE BANK!

ALREADY? ...TIME FOR **BATMAN** AND **ROBIN** TO TAKE A HAND!

BANG!

A LIGHTNING CHANGE OF COSTUME...

AN INTERESTING QUESTION-- BUT THE ANSWER WILL HAVE TO WAIT!

BUT WHERE'S THE BIG PROFIT FROM CRIME IN A ONE-STREET TOWN LIKE THIS?

AND A WORLD-FAMOUS FIGHTING TEAM FLASHES INTO ACTION!

BATMAN AND ROBIN!

NOT HERE! IT AIN'T POSSIBLE!

IT'S A SMALL WORLD, RATS!

BANK

OUCH!!

SAVE YOUR BULLETS LOUIE!

SPEAKING OF DOUBLE-FEATURES-- HOW'S **THIS?**

I'M GETTING IN!

I'M GETTIN' OUT!

WHOA, DOBBIN!... GIDDAP, SPIKE!

EEE-OW. OOOO!

NICE DRIVING, ROBIN!

HERE'S THE LOCAL POLICE FORCE!

RIGHT OBLIGIN' OF YE, BATMAN, TO NAB THESE HERE GUNMEN!

AND HERE COMES THEIR NEW BOSS TO MAKE TROUBLE!

TROUBLE?... NOT A BIT OF IT!

WELL, TWEEDLEDUM-- OR IS IT TWEEDLEDEE? HOW'S YOUR OVERSTUFFED COUSIN?

JUST CALL ME MAYOR TWEED, BATMAN-- AND ACCEPT MY HEARTFELT GRATITUDE!

ARE YOU PRETENDING TO BE GLAD TO SEE US?

I AM GLAD! I HAVE SEEN THE ERROR OF MY WAYS AND HAVE DEDICATED MY LIFE TO SERVING OTHERS!

DO TELL!

YOU MAY SCOFF, BUT YOU SHALL SEE! BE IN COURT IN AN HOUR TO TESTIFY AGAINST THESE SCOUNDRELS!

YOU BET WE WILL!

IF THE TWEEDS HAVE REFORMED, I'M A CHIMPANZEE!

THE MAYOR CALLS A COUNCIL MEETING...

GENTLEMEN, BESIDES APPOINTING MYSELF CHIEF OF ALL MUNICIPAL DEPARTMENTS, I HAVE DRAFTED A NEW ORDINANCE TO PROTECT PUBLIC PROPERTY!

MAYOR, YOU'RE A HUMDINGER!

AND NOW, THERE BEING NO FURTHER BUSINESS, WE'LL ADJOURN!

BUT WE AIN'T VOTED ON THE ORDINANCE!

SHUCKS, CALEB-- THE MAYOR CAN'T BE BOTHERED WAIT'N FOR THAT!

THE CHIEF OF POLICE VISITS HIS PRISONERS...

WE BEEN EXPECTIN' YA, TWEED! WE'LL BE LEAVIN', SOON AS YA TAKE YOUR SHARE O' DA SWAG!

LEAVING? I FEAR NOT!

YOU CROOKS HAVE BROKEN THE LAW -- AND YOU'RE GOING TO PRISON!

BUT **TWEEDLEDUM** AN' **TWEEDLEDEE** WAS OUR PALS IN GOTHAM CITY! DAT'S WHY WE FOLLOWED YA HERE!

PALS ONCE, PERHAPS -- BUT NO MORE!

SO HELP ME, HE'S DA JUDGE, TOO!

ORDER IN THE COURT!

IT'S DA OTHER ONE, STUPID -- NOT DAT IT MAKES ANY DIFFERENCE!

WHEN THE TESTIMONY IS IN...

IF THERE WAS A JURY, I'LL BET THE TWEEDS WOULD BE ALL TWELVE OF 'T!

WONDER IF HE'LL DARE TO LET THEM OFF?

THE COURT FINDS YOU GUILTY! THE SENTENCE IS FIVE YEARS AT HARD LABOR!

WHA -- ? HE DID IT!

AND ONCE THE SENTENCE IS RECORDED, HE CAN'T CHANGE IT!

BUT THERE IS MORE TO COME...

NEXT CASE -- THE PEOPLE VERSUS **BATMAN** AND **ROBIN**!

OH, OH -- THIS SOUNDS BAD!

HUH?.. US?...

IT IS CHARGED YOU RIPPED UP A SIDEWALK PLANK, VIOLATING OUR NEWEST CITY ORDINANCE!

SIDEWALK PLANK?.. OH -- THAT!

WE KNEW NOTHING OF THE ORDINANCE!

IGNORANCE OF THE LAW IS NO EXCUSE! DEEPLY AS IT PAINS ME I MUST SENTENCE YOU TO THIRTY DAYS!

BUT I DID IT TO SAVE BATMAN'S LIFE!

EASY, ROBIN!

SO FATE PLAYS A SARDONIC PRANK UPON THE DYNAMIC DUO!

WE SHOULD HAVE RESISTED!

WHATEVER THEIR GAME, ROBIN, THEY'VE GOT THE LAW BEHIND THEM-- AND WE NEVER FIGHT THE LAW!

MEANWHILE THE MAYORSTWINSELVES MAY BE SEEN TOGETHER ONLY AT THEIR HOME...

COUSIN DEEVER, MY CUP OF HAPPINESS IS FULL!

A RARE JEST, DUMFREE-- US JAILING BATMAN AND ROBIN!

AND EVEN THERE, ONLY BY THEMSELVES!

A KNOCK! THAT WILL BE ANDERS WHO ONCE OWNED OUR REJUVENATED GOLD MINE! HE MUST NOT FIND US TOGETHER!

I SHALL WITHDRAW DEEVER!

KNOCK KNOCK

HOW THOUGHTFUL OF YOU TO CALL, NEIGHBOR ANDERS!

YE ASKED ME TO SHOW YE THAT OLD WORKED-OUT GOLD MINE YE BOUGHT WITH THIS HOUSE, AN' HERE I AM!

IN THE CELLAR...

I BRING A FORTUNE THROUGH THIS DOOR IN MY TIME! HMMM-- PART O' THE WALL CAVED IN AN-- WHAT'S THIS?

SOMETHING WRONG?

I'LL SAY SOMETHIN'S WRONG! I QUIT TOO SOON! LOOK-- GOLD!! YOU'RE RICH!

BUT I CARE NOTHING FOR WEALTH!... I HAVE IT! I SHALL GIVE THE MINE TO THE PEOPLE!

NEXT DAY, HUGE POSTERS PROCLAIM AMAZING TIDINGS...

EITHER TWEED'S CRAZY OR HIS HEART'S AS BIG AS HIS STOMMICK--WHICH IS GOIN' SOME!

NOTICE!! HAVING DISCOVERED A RICH VEIN OF GOLD IN THE OLD MINE UNDER MY HOUSE, I HEREBY MAKE A FREE GIFT OF ALL THE PROFITS TO BE DIVIDED AMONG THOSE OF MY FELLOWTOWNSMEN WHO PROVIDE MONEY FOR ITS DEVELOPMENT. FOR MYSELF, I WANT NOTHING. -- MAYOR TWEED.

THE MAGIC WORD -GOLD- BRINGS EAGER THRONGS TO THE TOWN HALL!

TAKE THIS HUNDRED DOLLARS MAYOR!

HERE'S TWENTY--ALL I'VE GOT!

DON'T CROWD! THERE'S PLENTY OF GOLD!

TWO DAYS LATER, THE MINE PAYS A DIVIDEND...

YOU CAN COLLECT YOUR MONEY NOW, OR RE-INVEST IT AND MAKE MORE!

WOW--A DIVIDEND ALREADY! KEEP MY SHARE!

AND PEOPLE GO MAD WITH VISIONS OF RICHES!

KEEP MINE, TOO--AN' TAKE THIS THOUSAND I BORROWED!

I'M SELLIN' MY FARM! I'LL BE A MILLIONAIRE BY SPRING!

THAT NIGHT, AT THE JAIL...

HERE, BATMAN--READIN' TH' NEWS'LL HELP PASS TH' TIME!

GLOBE

THE WHOLE TOWN'S IN HOCK, BUT MILLIONS ARE EXPECTED FROM MINE FOUND BY MAYOR!

GREAT SCOTT--WHAT'S THIS?

TWEED'S WORKING A GOLD MINE SWINDLE ON THE WHOLE TOWN! FOLKS ARE SELLING ALL THEY OWN TO GIVE HIM MONEY!

SO WE KNOW WHAT THE RACKET IS--AND WE'RE HELPLESS!

HELPLESS? NO, ROBIN! WE AREN'T GOING TO LET THOSE FAT LEECHES LEAVE HUNDREDS OF PEOPLE PENNILESS! WE'RE GOING TO ESCAPE!

I'M FOR IT--BUT HOW?

I'M SURPRISED YOU HAVEN'T ALREADY NOTICED THAT ROAD REPAIR TRACTOR PARKED OUTSIDE OUR WINDOW!

I SAW IT, BUT I NEVER THOUGHT ABOUT IT TILL NOW!

THE BATMAN'S SILKEN ROPE, STRONG AS STEEL, NOOSES THE TRACTOR'S SEAT FRAME...

NOW TO TIE THE OTHER END TO THE BARS!

WHAT DO WE DO NOW--WAIT FOR SOMEONE TO DRIVE THE TRACTOR AWAY?

NO--WE RIP THIS IRON ROD LOOSE! GIVE ME A HAND!

FIRST I PUSH THE LEVER THAT PUTS IT IN GEAR--

--AND THEN YOU PUSH THE STARTER BUTTON! BATMAN, IF I HAD A HAT, I'D TAKE IT OFF TO YOU!

THE NEXT MOMENT...

HURRY, ROBIN! WE'VE GOT TO GET ABOARD THE TRACTOR BEFORE IT RUNS WILD AND DOES SOME DAMAGE!

THERE'S THE TWEED'S HOUSE--AND THEY'RE BURNING THE MIDNIGHT ELECTRICITY!

PROBABLY GETTING READY TO BURN SOME MIDNIGHT GASOLINE, TOO--NOW THAT THEY'VE MILKED THE TOWN DRY!

AND THAT IS PRECISELY THE VILLAINS' PLAN!

A NICE HAUL, DUMFREE!

AND BRILLIANTLY ACQUIRED! LETTING ANDERS FIND THE STOLEN GOLD WE PLANTED, AND OFFERING A DIVIDEND, WERE MASTERSTROKES!

SUDDENLY....

AND AS FOR THOSE DOLTS THE BATMAN AND ROB-- HUH?...

DO YOU SAY DOLTS?

READY TO ABSCOND WITH THE LOOT EH?

THE PORTLY PAIR PLEADS PRECIOUSLY...

ABSCOND? LOOT? BATMAN, YOU WRONG US! THINK HOW GENEROUS WE HAVE BEEN WITH OUR GOLD?

PERHAPS, DUMFREE, HE DOUBTS THAT THERE'S REALLY GOLD IN THE MINE!

COME-- SEE FOR YOURSELVES THAT WE HAVE SACRIFICED MILLIONS TO GAIN THE REGARD OF OUR NEIGHBORS!

IT'S HARD TO BELIEVE, BUT EVERYONE IS ENTITLED TO A HEARING!

CAREFUL, BATMAN!

IN THE GLOOM OF THE MINE, THE HEROES DO NOT SEE A TREACHEROUS HAND REACH FOR A LEVER...

LOOK-- NUGGETS!

I DON'T SEE ANYTHING!

AN INSTANT LATER...

THEY TRICKED US!

NOW YOU CAN SEE STARS!

A LITTLE DEVICE WE ARRANGED IN CASE ANYONE CALLED OUR BLUFF!

I CLOSE THE SWITCH-- SO-- AND IN EXACTLY FIFTEEN MINUTES, DYNAMITE WILL EXPLODE THROUGHOUT THE MINE!

INSTEAD OF THIRTY DAYS IN JAIL, YOU'LL SPEND ETERNITY HERE!

YOU'LL PAY FOR THIS!

ALONE IN THE TUNNEL, THE TRAPPED COMRADES SWEAT AND STRAIN--TO NO AVAIL!

CAN'T BUDGE!.. WE HAVEN'T--A CHANCE!

THAT PLANK--IF I COULD REACH IT...

BUT BRAINS WIN WHERE BRAWN IS USELESS!

PERHAPS MY GAUNTLET WILL CATCH ON THAT NAIL AND--GOT IT!

WHAT WILL WE DO WITH IT?

IF WE CAN FORCE THE POINTED END UNDER THE TIMBER THAT'S PINNING US DOWN, WE'LL HAVE A LEVER TO WORK WITH!

RIGHT! (PUFF) BUT IT WON'T BE EASY!

NOW, **ROBIN**--PUT ALL YOUR STRENGTH INTO IT!

IF ONLY WE HAVEN'T LOST TOO MUCH TIME--AND IF ONLY THE BOARD DOESN'T BREAK!

FIFTEEN MINUTES...AND AS THE SHATTERING BLASTS LET GO, THE TWEED COUSINS ARE GOING ALSO...

A FAREWELL SALUTE TO **BATMAN** AND **ROBIN**!

AND TO A VILLAGE OF SHORN LAMBS!

...BUT NOT FAR!

THE ROADS BLOWING UP! WE MUST HAVE DYNAMITED ONE OF THE MINE TUNNELS DIRECTLY UNDER IT!

AND WE'RE GOING TOO FAST TO STOP!

AND SO, PRESENTLY...

DEEVER--IT'S **THEM**! WE MUST BE DEAD, TOO!

WHAT WE NEED IS A WRECKING TRUCK!

IF YOU WERE, YOU WOULDN'T BE THIS NEAR TO US!

EQUIPMENT IS BORROWED...AND AS ROBIN DESCENDS TO RESCUE THE RENEGADES, HE NOTICES...

SOME EXCAVATION! AND THAT JAGGED VEIN THROUGH THE ROCK-- IT LOOKS LIKE...

WRAP THEM UP TIGHT ROBIN!

SO IT IS!

GOLD! A VEIN AN INCH THICK-- AND WHO KNOWS HOW WIDE AND LONG?

GOLD-- REAL GOLD-- IN THE MINE WE GAVE AWAY!

I FEEL FAINT!

TOWNSMEN AWAKENED BY THE EXPLOSION, FLOCK TO THE SCENE...

WHAT'S GOIN ON?

BATMAN'S BROKE JAIL AND KIDNAPPED THE MAYOR!

LISTEN TO ME!

ONLY THERE'S TWO MAYORS!

THE TWEEDS ARE NOTORIOUS CROOKS! THEY "SALTED" THAT MINE WITH STOLEN GOLD, AND WERE RUNNING AWAY WITH YOUR MONEY WHEN THEIR OWN TRAP CAUGHT THEM!

WHY, THE LOW-DOWN VARMINTS!

ANGRY SHOUTS RING OUT...THE CROWD THREATENS TO BECOME A MOB..

LYNCH 'EM!

GET TAR AND FEATHERS!

HOLD ON! THERE'S A PRETTIER SIDE TO THE STORY!

THEY DID YOU A FAVOR UNINTENTIONALLY! THEY GAVE YOU THE MINE, THINKING IT WORTHLESS! BUT THERE IS GOLD THERE-- LOTS OF IT-- AND YOU'LL BE RICH, AFTER ALL!

JIMMINY!

GOLLY!

A HERO IS HONORED...

RECKON WE OWE ALL WE GOT TO **BATMAN**-- AN' WE'RE SHY A MAYOR! LET'S ELECT HIM HERE AN' NOW! ALL IN FAVOR SAY--

AYE!

YE'RE MAYOR BY ACCLAMATION -- UNANIMOUS!

I ACCEPT WITH THANKS-- TEMPORARILY! MY FIRST OFFICIAL ACT IS TO APPOINT **ROBIN** ACTING CHIEF OF POLICE, AND--

OH, BOY!

THE FOLLOWING MORNING...

YOU ARE CHARGED WITH FRAUD, GRAND LARCENY AND ATTEMPTED MURDER! HAVE YOU ANYTHING TO SAY?

COUSIN DEEVER, I FEAR IT WOULD BE USELESS!

HAVE WE, COUSIN DUMFREE?

CHIEF

THEN YOU WILL REMAIN IN CUSTODY WITHOUT BAIL TO AWAIT TRIAL BY THE STATE COURT!

STEP LIVELY, BOYS! THE PLEASURE OF LOCKING YOU UP IS ALL MINE!

AND NOW -- FAREWELL!

FOR THEY'RE TWO JOLLY GOOD FELLOWS...

♪ ♪

...AND IF YOUR NEW PROSPERITY ATTRACTS OTHER CROOKS, WE'LL BE BACK!

ONLY WE'LL WANT A TWO-WAY KEY TO THE JAIL!

LATER, IN GOTHAM CITY...

THE TOWN CERTAINLY GOT THE BEST OF THAT DEAL!

I'M NOT SO SURE, BRUCE... WE HAD A MILLION DOLLARS WORTH OF FUN, AT LEAST!

GOTHAM GAZETTE

TWEEDS ENTER PRISON AS YONVILLE DIVIDES $1,000,000 IN GOLD!

GRADE A

THE END

FREE

WITH 2 WHEATIES BOX TOPS

JACK ARMSTRONGS TRU-FLITE FIGHTER MODELS

Actually Fly

GLIDE . . . SOAR . . . LOOP . . . ROLL

Two amazing new planes in the official Jack Armstrong series of rival fighters. The carrier-based Fairey Fulmar, speed king of the British Navy. And the Heinkel-113, deadly, nose-cannoned fighter of the Nazi Luftwaffe.

Full-color authentic camouflage decorates both models. The fast striking Fulmar carries the famous concentric circle symbol of British air might. The hawking Heinkel is marked with the proud German cross and the sinister Nazi swastika.

You build these planes yourself from special cover stock material. The plane designs are drawn to characteristic proportion, clearly and expertly marked for cutting and gluing. Even the *hollow fuselages* are easy to construct.

Your planes actually fly! Yes, they are designed to glide and soar for 75 feet or more when launched by hand. And when you rig them for G-line forays they will zoom, dive, climb, and hedge-hop—under your control. *Fly 'em fast and fly 'em hard.* Your planes are built for real speed and maneuverability. They're built for ruggedness, too. You can send them on hundreds of missions—indoors and out—without serious damage to the ships.

Start a collection of flying fighters. These two planes are numbers 7 and 8 in a series of aircraft which are *your extra dividend* for eating Wheaties. Learn how you can get all the flying models. *And learn how good breakfast can be* when you start with a heaping bowlful of milk, fruit, and Wheaties, "Breakfast of Champions." Whole wheat flakes with a "second helping" flavor. That's Wheaties—and *that's for you.*

LIMITED OFFER
SEND NO MONEY

Get two complete assembly kits for your flying model Fairey Fulmar and Heinkel-113. Just send your name and address with two Wheaties box tops to Jack Armstrong, Box 7570, Chicago, Illinois. Send no money—put your dimes in War Stamps. But remember this special offer is good only while limited supplies last, or until Sept. 1, 1944. So send today.

"Wheaties" and "Breakfast of Champions" are registered trade marks of General Mills, Inc.

"BREAKFAST OF CHAMPIONS"

WITH MILK AND FRUIT

PRIVATE PETE

HENRY BOLTHOFF

WET PAINT

I'M GLAD THAT JOB IS THROUGH. PAINTING ISN'T MY LINE OF WORK!

I'LL WALK BACK IN A CIRCLE TO SEE IF I MISSED UP ANYTHING!

ER- *ULP* THE COLONEL !!

HEY- ER- SIR- PARDON ME -- BUT I WOULDN'T SIT DOWN THERE, SIR!

WHAT? HOW DARE YOU TELL ME WHAT TO DO !! I'LL -- I'LL - - -

ALL RIGHT, SIR, I JUST THOUGHT I'D TELL YOU, SIR, THAT BENCH IS FRESHLY PAINTED!

WET PAINT

ADVENTURES OF "R.C." AND QUICKIE

THE MYSTERIOUS BLONDE

LOOK WHO'S COMING, QUICKIE— AND SHE'S HEADING FOR YOU!

THE BOYS, "R.C." AND QUICKIE, ARE ENJOYING THEMSELVES AT THE USO CENTER... WHEN A BEAUTIFUL BLONDE APPROACHES THEIR TABLE

'ALLO, GOOD-LOOKING... YOU DANCE WITH ME, YESS?

YES, SIR... (ULP)... I MEAN— YES, MA'AM!

SURE IS A BIG POCKET-BOOK THAT GAL IS CARRYING AROUND. TOO BIG FOR DANCING— AND THAT ACCENT... I WONDER...

HOW MANY SOLDIERS IN YOUR CAMP, LEEDLE MAN?

WELL, IT'S A MIGHTY BIG CAMP, MA'AM...

HOW ABOUT A NICE FROSTY BOTTLE OF ROYAL CROWN COLA?

I'D LOVE SOME... THEN WE TALK SOME MORE ABOUT YOUR TRAINING AT CAMP, YESS?

AS QUICKIE AND THE BLONDE SEAT THEMSELVES AFTER THE DANCE, "R.C." QUIETLY OPENS HER PURSE AND PEEKS INSIDE

WELL, I'LL BE!... AN AUTOMATIC— AND A NOTEBOOK FULL OF TROOP INFORMATION! GRAB HER, QUICKIE! SHE'S MAKING A GETAWAY!

ACH, HIMMEL! I MUST ESCAPE!

NICE WORK, BOYS— WE'VE BEEN LOOKING FOR A SUSPICIOUS DAME WITH A FORGED USO PASS FOR A LONG TIME

SCHWEINHUND! LET GO OF ME!

TAKE IT EASY, SISTER! I DON'T SOCK LADIES, BUT I **MIGHT** SOCK YOU!

WHEN IT COMES TO DAMES, I'M NOT SO SMART!

BUT YOU'RE SMART, QUICKIE, IF YOU DRINK ROYAL CROWN COLA!

YES, SIR! IT'S THE BEST-TASTING COLA OF THEM ALL!

DONALD O'CONNOR SAYS:

MY TASTE-TEST FAVORITE!

"Royal Crown Cola is out of this world!" declares screen star Donald O'Connor. In the famous cola taste-test, he tried leading colas in paper cups and chose one as best-tasting. It was Royal Crown Cola! He says, "There's nothing like Royal Crown Cola for a 'quick-up' and a fresh start!" Try it.

See Donald O'Connor in "THIS IS THE LIFE" A Universal Picture

ROYAL CROWN COLA

Best by Taste-Test!

2 FULL GLASSES 5¢

Copr. 1944, Nehi Corporation